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American

MERCURY

VOL. LXXIV

FEBRUARY 1952

NO. 338

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Founded by Henry L. Mencken

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Published monthly by the H-M Publishing Corp., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$4.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 251 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1952 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

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The Apotheosis of Acheson and Marshall

Overcorrection of a Guilt Complex

PSYCHIATRICALY, the most pathetic group of Americans today is that company of "great liberals" who by 1932 had lodged their hopes in Moscow, who contributed to the growth of Soviet power, who welcomed the Chinese Reds, who were emotionally involved in the defense of Alger Hiss, and who now must frantically try to fend off the acknowledgment that they have been guilty of disservice to the cause of mankind.

These Americans are guilty men. Whether they have thought of themselves as Communists, or fellow-travelers, or Fabian Socialists, or pro-Communists, or "liberals," or anti-anti-Communists — all this is academic. While cherishing the belief that they are men of good will, they have become guilty of abetting slavery.

In the name of mankind they have betrayed mankind. With their own well-meaning little hands and minds, they have done their bit to create the monster to restrain which every free man left on earth must now give time and blood and earnings.

The efforts of this company of guilty men to justify themselves must be of great interest to psychiatrists. First, they ask us to believe that the growth of Russian power was inevitable, that all the assistance

***In the
Mercury's
Opinion***

given by America to Russia at their behest was inconsequential. Then they ask us to believe that what happened in China was inevitable; there were no American mistakes, it was all the fault of history and Chiang Kai-shek. They insist that all our long efforts to appease Communism have "surely strengthened

us before the rest of the world." And finally, since they themselves know that these arguments are specious, they beg us, please, at least to let them apotheosize Dean Acheson and George Marshall.

If only Acheson can be established as "the greatest Secretary of State since Seward" . . . if only Marshall can be recognized as "the greatest Chief of Staff in our history" . . . if these miracles can be wrought, then the burden of guilt will be less difficult for fellow sinners to bear.

IN THE LAST WEEK of 1951 two pot-boiling books were published: one about Acheson and one about Marshall. The Acheson book was a string of excerpts from his speeches of the last two years — his grimacing-at-Gromyko period. It was compiled by one McGeorge Bundy, whose brother married Acheson's daughter, and who, among the middle-heads, is a sort of captive Republican from the Connecticut Riviera. The Marshall book was a paste-pot-and-scissors effort thrown together in four weeks by one Robert Payne who never saw Marshall and didn't bother even to interview anyone who knew Marshall well.

Ordinarily, two such books would never command the attention of first-rate reviewers, but note what happened. The most important space in the American book industry — Page One of the *New York Times*

Book Review — was given to the Acheson book, reviewed by no less a figure than Robert E. Sherwood. Mr. Sherwood and the *Times* are both among the guilty company, and they share the psychiatric requirement that Acheson be called Great.

Mr. Sherwood rushes to reassure himself and his company: "The unbiased observer who reads this book may well come to the conclusion that few men who have held the high office of Secretary of State have brought to it such equipment in intellect, judgment, knowledge of the world and devotion to duty as Dean Acheson. And few men in any political office have been so ill-prepared by training and temperament to be a target for character assassination. . . . Acheson has suffered from the handicap of being a gentleman. . . . The familiar growl comes from his critics: 'Acheson's too damned smart' . . . and any reader of this book will find proof of the practical, realistic, down-to-earth quality of his judgment."

The *New York Herald Tribune* Book Review trotted out their top man, Walter Millis, to praise Acheson's brilliance. "The broad picture which emerges from this book is one of a keen, far-sighted, and highly cultivated mind. . . . His papers reveal a brilliant literary power as well as political perception. . . . Not even Senator McCarthy has ever charged Dean Acheson with

being himself a Communist. . . . The charges with which Acheson and his department have been belabored are dangerous imbecilities."

Obviously, according to Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Millis, Acheson has been criticized only because the man is so dazzlingly brilliant, so incredibly smart, so indubitably superior, and he has such highly cultivated powers of political perception — well, such a man can expect nothing else than to be belabored by dangerous imbecilities.

The *Herald Tribune* gave Mr. Payne's paste-up job on Marshall its unqualified best: A Full-Scale Biography, Critical and Provocative, Rating Marshall The Greatest Chief of Staff This Country Ever Possessed.

It isn't enough for the guilty company that Marshall be recognized as good and sincere and patriotic and, in some ways, able. It isn't enough even for him to be called Great. He must be The Greatest. Nothing less will allow the guilty company to shed any of their guilt.

"Marshall is a Virginia aristocrat with a mind austere, seeing all problems in chastely cold outlines. . . . Marshall is a man possessed of Roman gravity and an unusually accurate understanding of the forces at work in the world. He can describe a situation so trenchantly and lucidly that there is something awe-inspiring in the mere processes of his orderly, logical mind . . .

Marshall went to China with qualities which are rare in Americans, and rarer still in American generals: he had a deep sympathy toward Chinese culture . . . Mr. Payne rejects as puerile the theory that Marshall's advocacy of an embargo on military supplies gave victory to the Chinese Communists. If there had been no embargo the Communists might have conquered China more quickly . . . Marshall is the true master of global strategy."

THERE we have the complete presentation. No mistakes have been made by this country during the last ten years. It was proper for us to encourage and strengthen Russia. It was proper for us not to oppose the Chinese Reds. How could we have made mistakes when we were being led by two men who have awe-inspiring intellects and who are masters of global strategy?

As most Americans know, of course, the truth about Acheson is this: He is not intelligent. He is reasonably smart because his law firm has collected \$450,000 in retainers from foreign governments while he has been Secretary of State. But by no objective appraisal could Acheson be called intelligent.

Acheson's list of stupidities could fill this magazine — and they will be listed in an early issue. But here are two typical illustrations:

On March 20, 1947, Mr. Acheson

solemnly declared: "The Chinese government is not approaching collapse. It is not threatened by defeat by the Communists. The war with the Communists is going on much as it has for the last twenty years."

On June 19, 1946, Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers questioned Acheson about the possibility of the Chinese Reds turning their weapons against us.

"I think we can rest assured that the Chinese will not do that," Mr. Acheson replied smugly.

From 1933 when he worked diligently to obtain American recognition for the Soviet Union until long after the end of the Second War, Dean Acheson was a diligent friend of Communism. This is a matter of record. With his friend Alger Hiss as his first lieutenant, Acheson was the leader of the muddle-heads in the State Department whose labors had the effect of extending Communist power.

As for General Marshall, here are examples of his "awe-inspiring, orderly, logical mind":

On January 7, 1947, he declared: "There is a definite liberal group among the Chinese Communists . . . men who would put the interest of the Chinese people above ruthless measures to establish a Communist ideology in the immediate future."

From 1942 General Marshall, patriotic and sincere, never took a military position which was not in

accordance with the plans of Joseph Stalin. If it is true that he "had an unusually accurate understanding of the forces at work in the world," then why didn't he drive through the Balkans and prevent Russian armies from flooding Central Europe? And why, instead of halting Chiang's armies, didn't he insist that the Chinese Reds be exterminated?

WHAT IS UNDER EXAMINATION here, however, is not whether Acheson and Marshall are great, but the *necessity* of their being acclaimed great.

In the days of the Roman emperors, the more ridiculous and dissolute an emperor became, the more imperative it was that he be deified so that he could no longer be criticized. The guilty men who contributed to the growth of Russian power are now trying to employ similar tactics in America. What has brought America — and mankind — to the present tragic strait is lack of vision on the part of American leadership. Given an American Disraeli during the past twenty years, the human procession would now be moving toward freedom instead of having to devote itself to the resistance of tyrants.

But how can Americans ever find men of vision to lead them if they are to be eternally confused as to when a leader is wise and when he is not wise? If Acheson and Marshall

represent the highest wisdom obtainable, then what hope is there for the future?

What determines the wisdom — the greatness — of a national leader is the condition his nation is in after he has led it. If Marshall was a “master of global strategy,” then why are we in a more precarious position today than we were in 1945?

The master of the *Titanic*, no doubt, was an able man. A good man. A smart seaman. He would never have become master of Cunard's largest liner without something to recommend him. But none of the survivors of the sinking of the *Titanic* ever felt impelled to prove that he had been the greatest sea captain of all history.

It can readily be proved that neither Marshall nor Acheson possess the native intelligence of Harry Truman. In 1942 when Hitler at-

tacked Russia, Truman declared that with the two most menacing enemies of mankind now at each other's throats, our policy should be to see that they destroyed one another. If Marshall and Acheson were so smart, why didn't they follow Truman's policy? Why, instead, did they follow policies the result of which was to deliver 600,000,000 human beings into Soviet slavery?

If we Americans are to find the sort of leadership which can bring new hope to the world, we had better look for it among men who have never lodged any personal faith in Moscow, and who have never advocated or supported policies which have resulted in the extension of Soviet power. This simple, common-sense rule will eliminate Acheson and Marshall, along with that muddle-headed company who find it necessary to deify them.

What about Korea?

Never in the past has there been any place on the globe where the vital interests of the American and Russian peoples have clashed or even been antagonistic — and there is no objective reason to suppose that there should . . . be such a place. . . . We understand and agree with them that to have friendly governments along her borders is essential both for the security of the Soviet Union and for the peace of the world.

DEAN ACHESON, then Under-Secretary of State in a speech at Madison Square Garden, November 14, 1945, welcoming the “Red Dean” of Canterbury.

In Egypt — the Sphinx looks East

REVOLT



ALONG THE NILE

Alfred Lilienthal

A VISITOR FROM THE WEST who was in the Middle East during the last war will always remember a Sunday afternoon in Cairo — the panorama of colorful and varied uniforms from every corner of the world against an architectural background of remote antiquity and exaggerated modernity. Tall, sleek structures beside sun-bricked huts, an ox-drawn cart weaving a precarious way between a Renault and a Cadillac.

But now the war is over, and it is likely to be a long time before those gay foreign uniforms will again

.....
Alfred Lilienthal, lecturer and writer, spent considerable time in Egypt during World War II and has traveled extensively throughout the Middle East.

adorn the streets of Cairo. For in trying to bridge the gap between the worlds of yesterday and today, Egypt has become "out of bounds to Westerners." This is the practical significance of the Egyptian abrogation of the 1936 treaty with Britain.

The upheaval in Egypt today is no mere Anglo-Egyptian quarrel. It is the West against the Middle East, despite the claim by some Egyptians that their position is similar to that of the American colonists in their 1776 battle for independence against England. The British military occupation of the Suez Canal Zone and the co-rule by Britain and Egypt of the Sudan merely provided the proverbial straw which broke the camel's back. The stirring of Egypt's nineteen million people

is but a big link in a chain of events which has recently swept over other areas of the Middle East. Let's take a look for a moment at that chaotic area.

Iran has thrown out the Anglo-Iranian oil company. Iraq threatens to void its oil agreements with Britain. Morocco and Algeria are opposing French rule with more than words. Syria is one continuing upheaval. Jordan's Abdullah, Britain's staunch friend, was slain in the streets of Jerusalem as he entered the Mosque of Omar. Pakistan, already seething with the violence of the Moslem-Hindu feud, witnessed the assassination of the powerful and moderate pro-Western Premier Liaquat Ali, the thirteenth important political leader, incidentally, to be murdered in the Arab-Moslem world since 1945.

Woodrow Wilson's principle of national self-determination which helped release many Arab peoples from the yoke of the Ottoman Empire, has spread in the Middle East into a struggle for complete political liberation from Western influences. Britain was, of course, the first to be flouted as Enemy Number One. Now the United States is pushing hard for the title, earned as much by our role in the partition of Palestine and our subsequent indifference to the Arab refugees as by our support of the British position in Suez. Furthermore there is a total absence of any constructive action on our

part to fill the vacuum left by the British ouster.

In the lands bordering the Nile there are exactly three cultivatable areas, covering 2850 square miles. Here ninety-nine per cent of the Egyptians have their homes and earn their livings. It has been easy for the fanatically nationalistic and religious Moslem Brotherhood to gain recruits in these overcrowded, poverty-ridden regions. The role of that reputed arch villain, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who has found asylum in Egypt, is both a matter of conjecture and of propaganda. What is indisputable is that for the hungry, disease-ridden, politically restless peoples of Egypt and its neighbors, there has been no Marshall Plan aid.

IN EGYPT, as in all Arab states, the Communist Party has been outlawed. But its cells are operating underground. Growing discontent, magnified by the defeat in the war against Israel and the emergence of a yet more wretched class, the refugees, has opened the way for the Kremlin's agents. There is no doubt that Communist doctrine is antipathetic to the zealous religiosity of a Moslem. But throughout the Middle East intense hatred of Britain and the United States is being whipped to such a frenzy with anti-Western slogans that skillful agents have little trouble guiding the fellaheen into the Soviet camp. Exactly how many recruits have been won for

Stalin can not accurately be estimated. As in America, the many front groups never bear the Communist name. But the hand of the Party is evident in every street uprising — and in many subtler ways.

During the war many American GI's, gloomy about their assignment in the Middle East, discovered Alexandria — a beautiful resort town on the Mediterranean, more quietly and warmly situated than the famed Riviera. It was a friendly city in those days, filled with hospitable people who liked and trusted Americans. One of the most popular hangouts was a little pastry shop just a few blocks from the waterfront. Here, rich pastry and hot coffee filled many a lonesome cavity wrought by the regular Army chow. The kindly proprietor, Mohammed Zed, like many of his countrymen, had heard much of the saga of America, of the land of the little man and of people who did not tolerate poverty and injustice.

Mohammed's rapid acquisition of American jargon constantly astonished his American listeners. He was the target in turn of much kidding because he did not serve ice-cream sodas like the corner drug-store on Main Street. His cheerful retort was "Some day, Yankee, I come to the United States and open an ice-cream parlor."

Today's reception to a revisiting American serviceman would be quite different. Mohammed would

no longer smile and joke with us in his new-learned English. "Yankee," he would say, and his voice would not be cordial, "many things have changed since you were here. Why did you let our people be driven from their homes in Palestine to die of hunger? Why do you Americans seek homes for the refugees of one continent but not of another?"

And he would point in the direction of Gaza, not too far away, where in a narrow strip of land, twenty miles long and only six wide, half of it desert, 200,000 refugees are huddled together. The normal population of this section has been swelled some 200% since 1948.

HERE IN THE CRADLE of the three great faiths — Judaism, Christianity and Islam — some 870,000 persons barely subsist, some in caves, the more fortunate in tents. The sick, starving, and shelterless Arab refugees, born of Middle East strife, have been kept alive through UN generosity of direct relief of *seven cents* per day per person. As one refugee told a member of the staff administering relief in Gaza: "We no longer starve, but we have no reason to live." Here is the Cominform's most fertile spawning ground in the whole Mid-East. In the face of homelessness and abject poverty, these refugees feel they have little to lose by trying something new.

Of the other politically explosive groups, the students, rabid nation-

alists, form a small but significant body. They are easy prey to the clever Communist who makes a specialty of playing up to intellectuals. Through strikes, marches, and uprisings, these hotheads have played a catalytic role in bringing the land of the Nile to its present position.

THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGURE in the current situation is Mustafa el-Nahas Pasha, Egypt's Premier and head of the WAFD Party. Oddly enough, it was Nahas who signed the treaty of 1936 that gave Britain the right to maintain 10,000 troops in the Suez Canal area and who fifteen years later called off that treaty when it still had five years to run. He has been at sword's points with King Farouk since the latter's ascension to the throne. His party, the WAFD, is politically in the center. Representing principally the middle class — white-collar workers and professional men — its outlook has quite naturally differed from that of the pasha-wealthy land-owner group. Up until the present embroglio their policies were decidedly pro-Britain and the Western powers. Then under the leadership of the late Zaghlul Pasha and of Nahas, they adopted a progressive program and thereby won acclaim as the party of liberation from the past. Serious plans for social and economic reform were part of the public platform on which the WAFD campaigned and came to

power in 1950. The carrying out of these reforms has only recently been tied up with the fight to eject Britain from Egypt.

In the spring of 1951 the Foreign Minister Mohammed Salah el-din Pasha, a WAFD leader, paid a visit to the United States. In his company was Hussein Kamel Selim Bey, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce at Fouad University in Cairo. As a distinguished writer and also a member of various government missions, Selim Bey commands a great deal of respect at home and abroad. During a reception given in Washington at the National Press Club for the Foreign Minister and his party, Selim Bey was questioned at length about the promised reforms of the WAFD and why they had not yet been executed. The answer to each question was invariably the same: "Because the British are holding Egypt back." Logical or not, this intelligent Egyptian made it clear that the presence of the British had become almost abhorrent to the Nile dwellers, pervading every question of future plans. Until the British troops were withdrawn from the Suez, he said, the necessary reform measures just could not and would not be adopted.

It may be noted that on the very day the Parliament called off the joint Sudanese rule, they also passed legislation giving the go-ahead signal to the improvement of the Asswan Dam, one of the important projects envisioned in WAFD aspirations.

Many explanations have been offered for the complete about-face of Nahas and the capitulation of the WAFD to rampant nationalism. Some have termed it a surrender to the palace guards, to the buddies of the King, who seem to retard reform. Others have alleged that Egypt's Premier embarked on this new policy of self-assertion to cover up the impossibilities of living up to his domestic promises. It has even been rumored that the real political power is now being wielded by the Minister of Interior, Serag el-Din, who seeks to conceal corruption under the flaunting of national ego.

WHAT IS BEYOND SPECULATION is that Egypt's action against the British and her rejection of the invitation to join the Middle East Defense Organization, the proposed adjunct to NATO, is a serious blow to the West's hopes of containing Communism — and hence *endangers the security of the United States*.

"Where does this writer get that way?" some of you will say. "What does he mean — the security of the United States depending on what happens 5700 miles away!" Two words smack back: airbases and oil.

The proximity of Egypt and the Arab countries to the vital Soviet industrial regions provides a special reason for Soviet interest in the area and for our interest, too. Such nearby airbases at Habbaniya (Iraq), Shu'aiba (Iraq), Bahrein (Saudi-

Arabia), and Heliopolis (Egypt) are a great potential weapon toward curbing Russian expansionism so long as they remain in hands friendly to the West, and only so long.

Much, including no small amount of nonsense, has been said and written about Middle Eastern oil. What can not be disputed is that no modern war machine can function without this indispensable but expendable resource. The experience of the late General George Patton attested to this fact. 1.9 million barrels per day of oil are produced in the Middle East, which has approximately sixty-one per cent of the proved reserves of the world. Until recently the United States and its Western allies controlled, and Moscow coveted, access to this oil, which lies in Egypt and in countries allied closely to, and located near, her.

Lose Egypt and this oil is lost. Solve the present Egyptian riddle, and thereby the answer to the entire problem of the Arab-Moslem world may be found. Quite aside from their formal relationship within the Arab League, they have recently given signs of closing ranks against the West. In doing so, they are, whether they wish it or not, adhering to Nehru's "third neutral force" for Asia, a force that could end by becoming a "satellite" in the Soviet Union's expanding empire.

In her revolt against England Egypt has intelligent and effectual supporters. Opposition leaders in

Moslem Pakistan, for instance, support Egypt's cause to the point of threatening complete withdrawal from the British Commonwealth. The Egyptian controversy is more and more becoming a symbol to the Moslem world of all its grievances against the West.

Months before final Egyptian action to abrogate the treaty with Britain, the State Department was aware of the impending crisis, and yet permitted itself to be paralyzed by inaction. Congressional energies, perhaps as the Kremlin had planned it, were diverted by the Korean crisis. Not even a passing thought was given to the Middle East.

Our foreign policy would have reaped great dividends had the Congress dispatched a committee to find out the meaning of the inscrutable smile on the Sphinx. Such an investigation would have brought to the surface the general resentment in Egypt and the surrounding countries against the United States and the West for its neglect of the security of the Middle East.

Lacking any such display of interest from the democratic West, the invitation to Egypt to join the four-power Middle East Defense Command was badly timed. Falling immediately upon the break with the British on Suez, it was viewed as a Western trick to keep the British in power in the Suez Canal Zone.

Under the Mutual Security Act 160 million dollars was voted for the

Middle East by the Congress of the United States. Fifty million dollars is for the relief of refugees going into Israel and fifty million for the Arab refugees from Palestine. For Point Four technical assistance, Iran is to receive twenty-three millions, Israel fifteen, and the six Arab states the remainder of twenty-two millions.

COMPARED to what we have spent in Europe to win the peace, we have allocated but a pittance to Egypt and the other Arab states. But dollars are not the open sesame to this complex region. We must allay distrust and prove that we are really interested in the people of Egypt and the Arab world. To accomplish this a change of attitude on our part is fundamental. A show of real sympathy toward their problems is necessary. American political leaders, the press, and the public at large all have a role to play toward attaining this goal. We must stop viewing all Arabs as glaucoma-ridden, shiftless bedouins, riding white horses through the desert. We might even show a slight appreciation of some of the contributions these people once made to civilization and help them now to help themselves.

The economic regeneration of the displaced Arabs is a gigantic task, but the start must soon be made. The lead should be taken by the United States in the UN to wipe out the Arab refugee problem. The UN

has resolved to restore Arab refugees to their homes or compensate them for the loss of their property, but nothing came of these resolutions. Finding a way to grant homes to these homeless is the practical solution for which the United States should press.

THIS PRACTICAL DISPLAY of human interest, as much as anything, would indicate a sincerity behind our hurried and inadequate proposals for building an area impregnable to Communism. It would ease the added pressures, economic and otherwise, confronting Egypt and her neighbors, which the refugee situation has wrought. It would

take away one of the best weapons from the Communist agitators in the refugee camps.

The big powers have committed themselves to an area policy. This means that the United States has the role of seeking a basis for judiciously establishing peace between the very new and nationalistic state of Israel and the Moslem world.

The Suez Canal is the vital communication line between the West and the East which our side badly needs. The free world can still find the way to reach an agreement with Egypt whereby the use of this artery will not be in doubt. Only then would we be sure that the Sphinx is smiling with, and not at, us.

WHAT IS A STATESMAN?

The statesman is one who divines the long future, foresees the place of his class and nation in it, labors intelligently to prepare his countrymen for their fate, combines courage with discretion, takes risks, has good luck, exercises caution where it is necessary, and goes off the stage with a reasonable degree of respectability. He must have brains — some, at least. He must have morals — some at least. He must have ideals — but only those which are justified in the economy of Providence. He must be able to reconcile himself without complaining to the inexorable movement which the skeptical call the grand *pis aller* and the devout the divine plan. He must not only see; he must appear to be achieving in the current of things. Above all, he must be justified by events, that is, by good fortune. Perhaps beyond reason and understanding, both Carlyle and Marx may be reconciled, a little bit. Meanwhile the mystery must not be entirely cleared up. Otherwise the game of politics would lose its savor.

CHARLES A. BEARD, in the AMERICAN MERCURY, April, 1924.



TIME

Marches on

McCARTHY

WHEN THE EDITORS of *Time* Magazine choose a man for their cover story, he knows he belongs to the ages. His picture captures the attention of an international audience. *Time's* facts and conclusions are, to the most of this audience, authoritative. Therefore, if the facts are slanted, or the conclusions biased, it is a disservice not only to *Time's* subject, but to its readers as well.

On October 22, 1951, the Editors of *Time* gave Senator Joseph McCarthy the full cover treatment. Today, four months after publication, letters of protest and subscription cancellations are still rolling in:

What first attracted the attention of objective readers of *Time's* story were the lines on the cover itself.

"Demagogue McCarthy: Does he deserve well of the Republic?" No fair inquiry ever began with such a self-answering question.

In the story itself *Time's* editors tried to give the appearance that they were not doing a deliberate hatchet job as had been done by *The New York Post*. Such outright phonies as charging that McCarthy wears "elevator" shoes, or that he suffers a "continual tremor," were not for *Time*. Nor, though it had its own little way of handling that angle, did *Time* claim that McCarthy's war record was "inglorious" — the commendation from Admiral Nimitz was too hard to explain away. Like the *Post*, however, *Time* found it noteworthy that a

two-fisted ex-Marine does not smoke, and similarly did not think it pertinent to mention that a serious sinus condition deprives him of this pleasure. Although *Time* had once denounced the Senator for employing "the dipsy-doodle or slider type of accusation," it came up with a dipsy-doodle of its own. For the effect it hoped to have on McCarthy's fellow Catholics, *Time* announced that "he sometimes can't pass up a steak on Friday." That this is not true is beside the point.

But for the most part, these editors, so boastful of the labor of verification that goes into their cover stories, repeated the whole rag-tag of slanders out of which the "liberals," aided by the Communists, have manufactured the scarecrow called "McCarthyism."

ECHOING these slanders, *Time* said: "He did not produce [for the Tydings Committee] the name of even one Communist in the State Department."

The truth: McCarthy produced a great many names of Communists and doubtful security risks in the State Department, past and present. Congress had ordered the Tydings Committee to investigate "whether persons who are disloyal to the United States are or have been employed by the Department of State . . . and such other agencies against whom charges have been heard." But Tydings denied that

any of the evidence in McCarthy's cases was evidence or refused to investigate suggested names.

In the case of Theodore Geiger, for instance, Tydings said: "Turn it over to the FBI or do something with it. . . . We don't want to waste the afternoon." Minority counsel Robert Morris had pleaded with Tydings that he had witnesses who would "testify that [Geiger] was a member of the same Communist Party unit as they were." They went unheard. It can not be news to the Editors of *Time* that Mr. Geiger nevertheless resigned not long after. Nor could they all have failed to read in the press that on August 16, 1951, the McCarran Committee heard William Martin Canning say under oath: "There was one other who belonged to the same Columbia University unit, Theodore Geiger." Senator Ferguson asked, "Was he a Communist?" "Yes, he was." "Any doubt about it?" "No doubt in my mind that he was."

Peveril Meigs, another of the men Senator McCarthy wanted to have investigated, left the State Department for a job in the defense establishment. From there he was fired under the loyalty program.

Edward Posniak was forced to resign after McCarthy discussed his case in the Senate. The *Washington Star* reported recently that he had been called before a Grand Jury for questioning.

Mrs. Esther Caukin Brunauer was cleared by Tydings although Senator McCarthy had told the committee: "A report dated July 16, 1947, states that in 1941 a Senate investigating committee had found that both this individual and her husband were members of the Communist Party." The Committee's reason for clearing her was *because* the accusation of Communist Party membership "was based on State Department loyalty files." Mrs. Brunauer has nevertheless since been suspended.

MCCARTHY also asked that the Tydings Committee check further reports about Stephen Brunauer, but the Committee was not interested. The Tydings Report states: "Allegations have also been made as to the activities of Mrs. Brunauer's husband. The record [of the hearings], however, contains a complete denial. Since Mr. Brunauer is an employee of the Navy Department and has been officially cleared by that agency for secret work, no weight will be given these allegations in determining the loyalty of Mrs. Brunauer."

But Stephen Brunauer was also suspended from his job — heading the Navy's high explosives section. Before the Navy's loyalty board completed questioning him, he resigned.

Time said: "To this day McCarthy has not produced a scrap

of evidence indicating that Lattimore was a spy or in any way disloyal."

The truth: McCarthy produced an affidavit which indicates that Lattimore had a connection with the Soviet spy, Richard Sorge, before Sorge was caught and executed by the Japanese. The story of that affidavit was carried in the press. The inconvenient testimony of former Red General Alexander Barmine was avoided by the committee's failure to subpoena him. As Barmine has since told the McCarran Subcommittee, he was informed by his superior in Red Army intelligence that Lattimore was "one of us."

The issue of *Time* Magazine which should have reported this important testimony carried instead an unsupported and thoroughly discredited charge that the Senator had "welshed" on a bet "shooting craps." *Time* itself characterized the claim as a "verbal trick-ball," yet chose it as more newsworthy than the Barmine testimony. (*Time*, August 15, 1951.)

Other information bearing on Owen Lattimore's loyalty lies unused in Senator McCarthy's files. It is available to any properly qualified researcher. Had *Time* been less eager to call the Senator names and more eager to examine the basis of his charges, it might have learned that in 1943 Lattimore deliberately violated a Joint Chiefs of Staff directive

designed to save American lives. As OWI Director of Pacific Operations, he defied a stringent ban reading, "All attacks on the Imperial family must be avoided," and ordered a broadcast stating "The Mikado must go." Lattimore did this deliberately in the face of Pentagon warnings that such attacks would surely prolong the war with Japan. The head of the Japanese and Korean sections of the OWI lost his job for battling Lattimore over this broadcast, because, in his own words, "I should consider myself guilty of a treasonable act if I should in any way support what I consider a grave violation of United States policy and trust."

TIME SAID: McCarthy "has in effect accused Ambassador at Large Philip Jessup and Secretary of State Acheson of treason."

The truth: McCarthy accused Jessup of "an affinity for Communist causes" and Acheson of refusing to turn his back on more than Alger Hiss. If this is accusing them of treason, then it is *Time's* accusation, not McCarthy's.

While *Time's* definitive formulation of Anti-McCarthyism was rolling off the presses, the Senate subcommittee considering Jessup's nomination to a new UN post turned him down. Strangely enough, every newsstand that carried the October 22 "McCarthy" issue of *Time* carried newspapers which headlined

his complete vindication on Jessup.

Time, incidentally, omitted to state the important fact that card-carrying Communists are only a part of the Senator's worry. His emphasis has been on doubtful security risks. He has asked only that government employees who, by their acts or by their associations, indicate questionable loyalty, should be investigated thoroughly and suspended while the investigation is in process. It was for this purpose that on January 5, 1950, Senator McCarthy first discussed on the Senate floor the case of John Stewart Service. This career diplomat had been arrested for espionage in the notorious *Amerasia* case. Through high-level hanky-panky he was exonerated completely. Nine times by his own count he was put through "investigation" and "cleared" every time. The Tydings Committee found that "we cannot and do not conclude that his indiscretion in the *Amerasia* case is sufficient to brand [him] . . . as disloyal, pro-Communist, or a security risk."

Minutes of a Loyalty Review Board meeting in February 1951, just released by Senator McCarthy, show that evidence in the Service file led one Board member to remark, "I would say he was unsuitable for public service." Another member noted, "All the information we have [on Service] has been known to the [State Department Loyalty Board] for two years," and

added that thanks only to the specious wording of President Truman's Loyalty Order, "this Board is bound to report him as a loyal employee . . . we have been committing a fraud on the public."

This meeting resulted in a change in the wording of the Loyalty Order. On December 13, 1951, the Loyalty Review Board found "a reasonable doubt" as to Service's loyalty "based on the intentional and unauthorized disclosure of documents." Service was fired. Every newspaper that carried this news carried vindication of Senator Joe McCarthy. And the mailman carried a new flood of protests to *Time*.

Again when it was announced that the case of John Carter Vincent was re-opened, and that 1,139 additional "old" cases would be re-examined, Senator McCarthy was vindicated.

PERHAPS ALL THIS DENIAL OF FACT was due to some sort of short-circuit whereby the Editors of *Time* were cut off from communication with the outside world. But there was one case where *Time* denied facts in its own possession. For this its editors can find no word of justification or excuse.

"West of the Alleghenies," said *Time* with a certain contempt for the frontier savages, "Joe McCarthy is still bamboozling audiences. . . . A favorite McCarthy victim these days is Gustavo Duran.

Joe flourishes a picture of Duran taken during the Spanish Civil War in what he says is the uniform of the S.I.M. — the counterpart of the Russian secret police. . . . The true story of Duran is . . . nothing like the McCarthy version. *Duran, never a Red, was clearly and definitely anti-Communist.*" (Italics added.)

There you had it — on this case *Time* would stand and McCarthy fall.

The case of Gustavo Duran first broke early in 1947 when he engaged the attention of the Senate Appropriations Committee. For a year the State Department maneuvered in what has become a familiar technic of covering political suspects. First it announced that theirs was "another Gustavo Duran." When a picture proved that he was the same Duran, State announced that he wasn't in the Department any more anyway. Official investigative reports were labeled malicious lies, and his superior announced that the man was "a liberal of the highest type."

Although Duran resigned from the State Department early in 1947, his record had been falsified to show that he left in the previous year. And it had been arranged that he find new employment almost immediately with the United Nations. There Duran has been entrenched for the past five years, behind a barricade of extraterritoriality, untouched even by U. S. income tax demands.

McCarthy submitted the case against Mr. Duran to the Tydings Committee. Duran, although he refused the offer of a public hearing, defended himself in an affidavit purporting to "correct this situation once and for all." Both McCarthy's case and everything Duran had to say about it are printed in the transcript of the Tydings Committee proceeding. *Time* had it. *Time* consulted it.

In the middle of the fourth page of his affidavit, Duran says: "The facts concerning my brief assignment to the military intelligence service [S.I.M.] are as follows. . . . General Miaja [one of the most famous Spanish Loyalist generals] . . . told me that I had been appointed by the Minister of National Defense (Mr. Prieto) as head of the Madrid zone of the Military Intelligence Service." So Duran himself agrees with McCarthy that he was in S.I.M. Yet *Time* said: "Duran, never a Red, was clearly and definitely anti-Communist."

BUT WHEN the Duran case first came to light in 1947, *Time* had collected all available material on it. And in *Time's* Washington Bureau in 1951 somebody remembered the existence of this file. Some honest person in that bureau recognized the necessity of breaking traditional loyalty to his own organization out of a greater loyalty to the welfare of his country.

The *Time* file on Duran found its way to Senator McCarthy. It showed that *Time's* Washington Bureau had in 1947 forwarded a speech in Congress on Duran, in which it was announced that Duran, in spite of the disqualifying information received about him, was at that time an assistant in the State Department to Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden. The speech, *Time's* James Shepley had explained, was "based largely on material available in the files of U. S. investigatory agencies. The facts — i.e. dates, names, places — are correct insofar as Latin-American counter-intelligence agents have been able to confirm them . . . [Duran] has clung tenaciously to his story of mistaken identity. Nevertheless, when the story of 'the other Gustavo Duran' began to circulate Washington, he quietly got out of the State Department. DOS [Department of State] claims it was a year ago and somehow the record seems to have been falsified. Actually he left the payroll early this year . . ."

The *Time* memo continues: "Some sources indicate that . . . he was a tested and 'live' agent of the GPU . . . the file shows him . . . working on GPU orders. . . . He is reported to have been a leading light in pre-civil war days in the *juventudes comunistas y socialistas* [Communist and Socialist Youth movement] . . . a fast friend of Serrano Poncela, chief of the Communist-

dominated Republican political police. . . . He grew close to the Red Brigade commanders Lister and Modesto, who are supposed to have fought World War II as general officers of the Red Army. . . . The last days of Colonel Gustavo Duran, according to the file, were spent in the Red Brigade Headquarters at Tarancon. [He is] considered flatly to be [an] MVD secret agent. . . .”

THIS IS A PART of what *Time* had in its files when it stated that “Duran, never a Red, was clearly and definitely anti-Communist.” But it had more. It had this from Indalecio Prieto’s book, *How and Why I Left the Ministry of National Defense*: “Certain Russian technicians,” Prieto says in his memoir, “proposed to me that a service of military investigation should be created. This was the Spanish counterpart of the NKVD. . . . Regional chiefs of the SIM were designated and they proposed to me a certain Gustavo Duran for the Madrid zone. It was not concealed from me that the person proposed was a Communist. I knew this, but in spite of it, he was appointed by me. . . . Duran, of his own accord and without the power to do so, appointed agents under his orders, which to the numbers of some hundreds, were Communists and only four or five were Socialists.”

But that is not all *Time* had in its

files. It had the translation of a portion of a book written by a Spanish Anarchist, J. Garcia Pradas. Writing of an attempted clean-out of Communist control of Republican Spain, he says: “As to the Communist military commands . . . Ciutat, Duran and others continued to stay on their posts. . . .” And it had an extract from a book, *Men of Loyal Spain*, by two Spanish Communists — at least that’s what *Time*’s memo says. Lauding Duran for his physical beauty as well as for his artistic and intellectual gifts, the authors note his “distinguished manners” and his “rare universal sense and understanding.” A conversation with Duran is reported at great length, and Duran is quoted: “Everybody must serve the revolution as best he can. . . . I presented myself to my party, the Communist, to receive orders.”

McCarthy, *Time* said, “never answers criticism, just savagely attacks the critic.” McCarthy attacked. He wrote to Henry R. Luce, founder-editor of the *Time-Life-Fortune* magazines:

“I would like to call your attention to a memorandum in the files of *Time* magazine. . . . It goes much further and ascribes many more damaging things to Duran than those discussed by me. . . . Your own files contradict your story on Duran in every detail. . . .”

A week later, not having received any acknowledgment of his letter,

much less the retraction and apology due him and other *Time* readers, McCarthy wrote again. This time he quoted a prompt answer which William Loeb, editor and publisher of the *Manchester Union*, had received to his protest on the McCarthy cover story.

"Every word in *Time's* story," the editors of *Time* had written editor Loeb, "was thoroughly checked for accuracy of fact and interpretation. It is a policy that the Senator would do well to follow."

McCarthy warned the Editors of *Time*: "Unless *Time* corrects the false statements on Duran and other deliberate distortions of the facts in that story within one week's time, I shall have no choice but to make public your complete file in this matter so that the public may be aware of the sinister dishonesty of your magazine in this typical case."

To this threat McCarthy received an immediate reply of sorts. Publisher James Linen tried to change the subject by claiming that McCarthy had not *produced* "any evidence that any of the statements in *Time's* story . . . were false or erroneous." And as to the files, he warned: "What you claim to hold is confidential material . . . normally considered to be immune from pilfering. . . . Because I am sure that you will not quote the files in their entirety, I reserve only the privilege of carrying on the quotations as you make them public

to restore them to their proper context and meaning."

Senator McCarthy made the files public by inserting them in the Congressional Record for November 14, 1951. Publisher Linen has yet to make good on his promise.

The long-awaited reply from Editor-in-Chief Luce was hardly to the point. The inter-office memo, Luce said, "simply transmitted certain charges against Duran collected by U. S. army intelligence . . . there was not sufficient evidence to support the charge that Duran was a Communist agent." He made no attempt to explain how a lack of sufficient evidence to prove a charge McCarthy never made was transformed into proof that "Duran, never a Red, was clearly and definitely anti-Communist."

IN THE PAST, when *Time* was caught editorially *in flagrante*, it explained away the error by blaming the writers, proofreaders, or the pressure of an approaching deadline. But in the case of the Senator McCarthy cover story, *Time* compounded the deliberate error of its writer by even more deliberately reaffirming and defending it. The editors reason that the public's memory is short—and that old sins are forgotten sins. But if the cancellations are any indication, it will be a long day before *Time* will be able to forget its shoddy effort to write off Senator Joe McCarthy.

Marcelle Michelin

The

Shadow



of the brujo

Witchcraft in Venezuela

Caracas
MARÍA IS PURE Indian, small and slim, with skin the color of smooth cocoa butter. She drifted to Caracas from San Fernando de Apure, her village in the plains, over two years ago. A thatched hut of whitewashed clay, a hammock to sleep in . . . flat, sandy stretches under water more than four months of the year, and one sick cow . . . that was what she left behind her for the bright lights of the city. The city frightened her at first, but

within a week after taking a magic herb bath she found a job with us. Within a month, she was more like a member of the family than a servant.

At first I didn't know much about María beyond the fact that she could make anything she wanted to out of ground corn, and that she was a warm and friendly person. I knew she couldn't read or write, but she had an uncanny knack for always doing the right thing. Like any shrewd woman of the llanos, she could predict the sex of an unborn child several months in advance, and accurately forecast the weather. In the tropics, this is nothing short of a miracle; since there are no definite warm or cold fronts, the weather is so freakish that even

Marcelle Michelin, who has lived in Venezuela for three years now, is a woman of many talents. She has published fiction in French, her mother tongue, she has written for newspapers, and holds a Bachelor of Science degree.

meteorologists don't like to commit themselves.

But I did not begin to see into that fascinating mind of hers until the night she had a headache. She told me that someone must be putting a "*daño*," or a hex, on her. (The hex, which is known in Africa as an *embós*, in Cuba as a *bilongo*, in Haiti and Jamaica as an *ouanga*, is referred to in Venezuela as a *daño*.)

"This pain won't go away. Someone must be after me. Have you ever seen anyone die of a *lámpara enterrada*, señora?" she whispered softly. "I have. It's horrible. It's a lighted wick floating in oil that your enemy buries in the ground. As long as the flame burns you live, but when it goes out you stop breathing."

"Have you ever had anyone hexed, María?" I said.

"No, señora, never," she shuddered, "to put a *daño* on anyone is not Christian. But someone must be cursing me, for this pain won't go away."

"How else would your enemies go about it, if they are hexing you secretly?" I asked.

Listening to her was like hearing a heartbeat as raw and primitive as the jungle beneath the cosmopolitan glamor, the stream-lined finish that was the ultra-modern city of Caracas.

"By sticking pins in a wax figurine, señora, or into a picture of me," she said.

(I remembered reading that in Maracaibo, the week before, a man named Rodríguez had gone straight to the police and accused his wife, Lina, of attempted murder after finding a snapshot of himself in her closet. It was bristling with pins, and a lighted candle flickered in front of it. He, too, had been complaining of headaches the doctors couldn't explain away, but he felt fine as soon as he rescued that mutilated photograph of his. A warrant was sworn out for his wife's arrest.)

"If you have an enemy, señora," María warned me, "beware whenever you open your front door. Sometimes he wants you to know openly what he is doing to you. If you see what looks like a bundle of leaves or rubbish at your feet, whatever you do, don't touch it! It is a *bojote*."

"Isn't there anything you can do to protect yourself from it?" I asked.

"You can carry an alligator's tooth. It is a charm against evil. Or you can grow a *zambite* plant in your window, but you must not forget to sprinkle it with myrrh, incense, and holy water every Friday."

(I found out later that anyone who has lived in Venezuela any length of time knows the sinister meaning of the *bojote*. A few years ago, an old woman accidentally stepped on one that was meant for someone else, and immediately felt

such a pain in her foot that her family summoned the local *curandero* — healer — in a hurry. He rubbed it with some greenish oil which he carried in a small flask around his neck, but the pain played hide-and-seek with him, always keeping one jump ahead, first in the heart, then in the back, then in the foot again. Another healer, who specialized in de-hexing, had to be called in, and since it was clearly a case of self-induced hysteria, he soon massaged it away.)

"Sometimes you hear a knock, señora," María went on, "and you find that you have let in the Devil. There are evil men and women who knock at your door and ask you for a cup of coffee, and if after drinking it they tell you that there is a curse on your head, you must bring them a lighted candle, a cross, and a glass of water. Then you must give them all the money you have, or they will bring the curse back."

(There is a milder *daño*, conducive to insomnia, in which you wake up in the dark to feel yourself cruelly horsewhipped. It is, said María, some vengeful *bruja*, or witch, beating against the floor or wall with a special broom made out of the wood of the foul-smelling *mapurite* tree.)

"You must never give someone who hates you your true name, señora," she warned me. "Your name is part of you. It might be used against you. In my village, if some-

one faints or has a fit, only the god-mother who held him in her arms at baptism can rouse him."

THERE WAS A spectacular storm raging that night, and I'll always remember how the rain, lashing in torrents against the banging shutters, gave eerie emphasis to María's fears. That was the night I found out that a shadow haunted her — the shadow of the all-powerful *brujo*, the dreaded witch doctor, whose thoughts, she was convinced, could either heal or destroy her.

Belief in *brujeria* is as natural to María as breathing. There is a witch hunt going on right now, but the police are simply forcing this evil to go underground; you can feel it everywhere, lying all around you, beneath the surface of ordinary living, not only in the low-lying llanos and along the coast, where the demon tom-toms thunder in the darkness above the booming of the surf, but in the big cities, in the very streets of Caracas. I have seen talismans and printed incantations being sold either secretly or publicly in the plazas. A *brujo* was accused only last week of making women dance nude by threatening to convert them into animals. Another *brujo* named José Chacin has been driving away demons for a fat fee by reciting the apostle's creed backwards. A *bruja*, Antonia Hernandez, was arrested for selling love-philters to all the lonely girls in the neighborhood.

The police are throwing out huge dragnets, but for every fish caught, a hundred get away. There is no indignant outcry, no burning at the stake. The offenders are jailed like vagrants being picked off a park bench. Their crimes are considered no more serious than driving without a license. After doing a hitch at El Dorado, the big penal colony down south, they quietly go back to brewing their potions.

But these *brujos* and *brujas* are not simply harmless mental cases like the medieval sorcerers, or the New England witches. They have dangerous strangleholds over girls like María, who believe that they owe their jobs to herb baths taken while they were looking for work. María believes, for example, that if a patient, after quarreling with a neighbor, complains of an unbearable stomach ache, the healer must pay a surprise visit to the suspect. He will then exhibit a dead toad to the victim, who immediately feels much better. By killing the toad, the healer explains, the patient's pain has been relieved, because his neighbor has been feeding the creature scraps of food thrown away by the victim, and every bite it took had been knifing into his intestines.

I once made the mistake of trying to reason with María about this "dead toad" cure. "Look at all the fakers and the emotional blackmailers who have been falling into the hands of the police! Their

elaborate mumbo-jumbo is intended to fleece the gullible. Most of their clients are nothing but emotional women!"

María was indignant. "In my village, señora, a real *brujo* practices in good faith. He has a mission to perform. He never takes our money, never!"

"Surely you don't believe in their three-day-old milk, their stuffed bats, their white doves' blood, their elm leaves gathered at midnight!"

"Señora, no one is ever as right as he thinks he is, even you."

"Look at the sadists," I went on, "who strip the insane naked and beat them into a bloody mess. Look at the shams who treat sick cattle with nothing but a fistful of sand and some glib hocus-pocus!"

I might as well have been whistling at the wind. All she did was smile at me.

I BEGAN to wonder. I began to see her side of it. I began to ask questions. And this is what I was told by many of the educated Venezuelans I met:

"To understand someone as close to nature as María you have to believe a little in magic. Do you know what magic is? It is primitive man's attempt to bend nature to his will. It obeys two laws: that the same causes automatically produce the same effects. Hence incantations, hexes, exorcisms, tabus, all always according to a strict formula. Sec-

ond, that two objects once in contact will continue to interact on one another even at a distance.”

“Such as the West Indian superstition that possession of any part of the body, even the hair, will give control over its owner?” I asked.

“Yes, that’s it. But we’d like to make it clear that Venezuelan *brujeria* should not be confused with West Indian witchcraft.”

“I thought belief in the supernatural was the same the world over. Aren’t there any *brujos* in the West Indies too?” I asked.

“Yes, but not at all like ours,” I was told. “*Brujeria* here has nothing to do with Cuba’s ferocious Yoruba religion, which worships the great god Olorún, with whom the faithful can communicate only through little wooden dolls representing the Orishas or saints. No one down here carries around those small black idols known in Cuba as the all-powerful *jimaguas*, or twins. Nor does it have anything to do with voodoo or the cult of the serpent as it is practiced in Haiti and in the southern United States. About the only vestige of Haitian influence that we can think of offhand is to be found along the northern coast; it’s the dance of the serpent performed to the beat of drums by our Negro villagers of Curiepe. Curiepe was once our big slave market.”

“Why is it,” I asked, “that Venezuela’s Negroes forgot most of their African superstitions?”

“Probably because in the West Indies the Negro was so abjectly segregated that he retreated into his secret rites and kept them pure as a sort of defense reaction. There the *brujo* officiates as a member of a fanatic sect, as a sort of priest dedicated to placating the gods of an organized religion. Somehow or other, the barriers fell away very early in Venezuela, and Indian, White, and Negro have fused so completely into a social whole that there are no outsiders. Our *brujo* hasn’t felt the need to organize; he operates individually.”

I POINTED OUT that Cuba’s and Haiti’s repulsive ghouls seemed to wallow in gore.

“*Gracias a Dios*,” I was told, “our *brujo* does not rob graves, feed on corpses, rape virgins, eat hearts, or drink human blood. He contents himself with sacrificing small animals, using their entrails to foretell the future. In fact, the only brutal murder in Venezuelan police files involving a *brujo* occurred in 1928, when a horribly mutilated man was found by the side of the road. The imprint of a bloody hand on a nearby tree trunk eventually led to the murderer. He turned out to be a big West Indian Negro who confessed he needed seven victims in order to gain magic powers. The only native ceremony down here involving any blood shed at all is the *descabezamiento de pollos*, or behead-

ing of chickens, which takes place along the northern coast during the dancing and feasting in honor of San Pablo and San Pedro. Several dozen chickens are buried to the neck in the center of the street, and the villagers gather around a blind-folded boy or girl. The executioner dances forward, striking three blows with a machete in time to the music. As far as the laughing participants are concerned, we are sure this sacrifice has no religious significance other than that of filling their bellies with *arroz con pollo*.

ONE ANTHROPOLOGIST SAID: "María's thinking goes back long before the first white man came up to Caracas along the old Spanish trail. It is the silent, evil *brujeria* of the Indian, and its theme is vengeance. Although the medicine man's prayers gave his community plentiful rains and abundant harvests, he was much feared. His power was a two-edged sword, for if he knew how to cure, he also specialized in 'revenge by poison,' the dreaded *veneno de Yervas*. There was revenge by poison, revenge by violence, revenge by hex, and the deadliest revenge of all, the *kanaima*, or patient stalking of a murderer for years by the victim's friends or relatives. *Kanaima* is still very much with us, although under another name, *morir por matar* (kill and die). You have seen some of the Guajiro Indians swarming around in Maracaibo's market place with their

colorful skirts and painted faces? You remember those big headlines of a few weeks back screaming about the young Guajiro murderer, Luis Velasquez, who was hunted down and stabbed in his hammock by his victim's two nephews? That was *morir por matar*.

He went on, "Naturally, the Spanish conquerors contributed their own superstitions, among them the evil eye. Then, with the arrival of tough Negro slave labor along the coast to take over the back-breaking chores of the exhausted Indian, Africa and its magic formulas was welcomed by the people as a means of defense against the deadly *veneno de Yervas*. If the Indian could hex, the Negro knew how to de-hex."

I also talked it over with an American-educated Venezuelan doctor, one of the country's foremost specialists in tropical diseases. "Your María," he said, "has some of the same baffling inner strength as Juan Vicente Gómez, the illiterate mountaineer, who became dictator."

"Then there is something to all this?"

"The theatrical trappings, the sleight-of-hand," he said, "are just so much window-dressing, but the power is there. I've seen it at work many times. It's a problem, no doubt about it; in some rural areas it's emptying our free clinics. I remember that when I was twelve years old, a farmhand on my father's hacienda was bitten by a rattler. We

did what we could for him, but there was no serum in those days. The man was obviously dying. He pleaded with us to send for the local *brujo*. Well, the *brujo* was busy, but he sent a handkerchief with instructions to throw it over the patient's face. As soon as this was done, the swelling and all other symptoms subsided and the man was normal by morning."

HE WENT ON TO TELL ME about the backwoods hunter whose magnetism was so great that he could hypnotize animals and influence others at a distance. (Some people can kill a snake with their eyes.) He would hunt on assignment, never failing to turn up with whatever he had been sent out to get. One afternoon, his hounds returned without the expected game. It had been stolen. The hunter began beating the dogs with the branch of a certain tree, and two hours later one of the local farmers staggered in with the stolen venison, his own back a raw mass of welts.

"You explain it," I challenged.

"I will," he said, "on a scientific

basis. Nothing supernatural about it. Memory. Concentration. Will power. You've heard about the incredible mental gymnastics of Raja Yoga? You've heard about Alexis Carrel and the power of prayer? Of Duke University and telepathy? Of electro-encephalography? All variations on the same theme. Mind over matter. All our *brujos*, of course, are superb psychologists, probing subtly for human weaknesses. They practice a brand of shock-therapy and auto-suggestion more effective on our harassed poor who consult them than long sessions on an analyst's couch could ever be. Psychosomatic medicine, or short-cut psychiatry, you might call it." He chuckled, "I'm afraid that, what with television, the radio, and the movies, we civilized moderns are just too mentally lazy to practice that kind of thought control. We are functioning with only a small part of our mind."

"The dark, unexplored worlds of the mind . . . maybe they are tomorrow's horizons," I suggested.

"To the Venezuelan *brujo*," the doctor said, "they are an old, old story."



JULIANA DUBUQUE

The IOWA Centennials

Communique from the Corn Country

THE IOWA STATE Fair Board, brim-full of grease and rectitude, pushed back from its off-basement, administration dining room table, belched with some belligerence, and took up the phone and slapped down the un-beautiful head of Republican politics in Iowa for half a year or more. So that the head is upping itself just now — months later — instead of doing it on August 30, when former President Herbert Hoover spoke in Iowa, receiving the state's especially-created-for-him Iowa Award.

"What we want to know," said the Iowa State Fair Board into the

Juliana Dubuque is a niece of the famous "old lady" of the town in Iowa whose name the family proudly bears. With some fear and not a little trembling she and we are wondering what Auntie will say — just in case she reads this.

phone, "is whether President Hoover, in this speech, is going to call a spade a spade."

The Iowa State Fair Board had on the phone the Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission. The Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission replied that it understood that when President Hoover spoke a spade would be referred to as a spade, "and," the Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission murmured, "he will do it doubled in spades. Ha ha! If you know what we mean."

The Iowa State Fair Board knew what the Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission meant, and said:

"We were afraid of that."

The Iowa State Fair Board was managing the great Iowa State Fair, and the Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission had arranged for President Hoover to receive the Iowa Award — and make the speech at

the fairgrounds, during the fair, at 1:30 that hot afternoon.

The Iowa State Fair Board was almost 100 per cent G. O. P.

The Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission was even more G. O. P.; it was G. O. P. in toto.

The Iowa State Fair Board hitched itself closer to the phone. "For decades and maybe longer," it said in a rather high voice, "the Iowa State Fair has been free of politics. Its rostrums and things have never been used by office-seekers, or anyone representing them. Not even if they paid booth space (or maybe there have been exceptions to that, but no matter). The Iowa State Fair is a place, as always is stated in its ads which appear in every Iowa paper, that is grand and colossal and where the state's husbandry can come with its wives and children and see what the state produces — bulls, heifers, tractors, and garden stuff. But no politics." The Iowa State Fair Board lowered its voice to a you-know-what-we-mean level, and offered further, "Especially the kind of Republican speech Hoover would give. With you being all Republican, and we all Republican, it just wouldn't look right. You know."

The Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission indicated it did.

The Iowa State Fair Board raised its voice again, and added, "Furthermore, if you insist on arranging for Mr. Hoover to make a political

talk, this board will pass a resolution saying we didn't expect that kind of talk when we let him come."

The Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission made sounds indicating it and the Iowa State Fair Board were of one mind.

So two respectable, reasonable, and very popular Democrats ate with the Republican thirteen members of the Iowa Centennial Memorial Commission that day, and Mr. Hoover called a spade a spade for twenty minutes instead of twenty-seven.

[Editor's note: Whether or not Mr. Hoover called a spade a spade our readers may judge for themselves if they will read the excerpts from his speech appearing on page 34.]

NOW, HOWEVER, the head is up again. And that means the Republicans in Iowa are beginning to do their share in choosing the Man Who Will Run Against Truman. Iowa has the convention system. The party people of the precincts name delegates to the county, the county names someone to the district, the district names someone for the state, and finally someone goes to Chicago for Iowa and helps name the Man Who, or Whom. The one who will run against Truman.

In Iowa all this sort of starts in the middle. The first stirrings are felt at the county level, if the accouchement is to be normal. Years

like this county Republican politicians are great ones to get into cars with others like themselves, drive fifty or sixty miles to some other county in the district, climb the outside stairs to the office above the corner Rexall store, and stomp Percheron-like down the splintery hallways to the lairs of other county leaders who have also felt the stirrings. There for hours, sometimes days, they confer, huddled in the corners of the hallways or offices, looking like the baseball pitcher and catcher consulting in a crisis, only sticking out a little farther behind.

All this means no more than that they are feeling the initial tremors. Next will come development of "the situation," pressures to be exerted, stands to be taken and marched back down the hill, loyalties to be pushed in the face, until the whole Republican process is in full effect and voice, and may the worst man not win.

THESE BESTIRRED COUNTY G. O. P. chief-lets are not the only good men in the Iowa small towns, however. Enough are left to handle the year's local centennial celebration.

Iowa was settled from the Mississippi to the Missouri — to the left if you're looking north — and a decade or so ago the towns along the Mississippi started becoming one hundred years old. Then, a year or so later, the ones a little farther west became one hundred. And so

on. So the wave of centennial celebrations now is moving across the state from east to west like the Mormons and railroads in the early days and the cornborers more recently. The genuine centennials, that is, the ones that come at the end of ten decades of fearing the worst about the corn crop, and all that.

However, it's a very prosaic Iowa town, whatever the exact age of the municipality itself, that doesn't have something to be one hundred years old about. And celebrate a centennial concerning. So those western Iowa towns, still a decade or two from one hundred years old, which have noted and admired the centennials of eastern Iowa, have searched out some event around themselves — maybe the anniversary of the time old Chief Corn-Liker missed the Lewis and Clark boat — and celebrated that. Having enjoyed themselves hugely and attracted people who bought things at stores, these towns have looked around for something else to be one hundred years old about the next year. It fills in nicely while the town must wait to attain the age of centennial consent.

Once an old lady from New York was crossing Iowa and got caught in a traffic jam on the Lincoln Highway in a county seat that was having a centennial parade. She asked, friendly soul that she was, how often Iowa towns had centennials.

The anecdote was published and republished in Iowa newspapers with much amused bubbling of the editorial ink, until someone did some totaling up of rooth birthday celebrations. It was something like the way the Kansas editors laughed about the man who advertised for a used bath tub. It was very funny until he couldn't find one.

There's one aspect of this repetition of centennial celebrations that has been developed with time. They run out of material for "Miss Own Town" contests. Of course the girl who won last year can't be eligible this; that wouldn't be fair. So, as the years have gone by, raw material for "Miss" has lessened, despite the best efforts of kid sisters. Some of the girls get married, of course. Among them are more than a few who, longing for past glories, have gone down to the courthouse, switched back from "Mrs." to "Miss," and bought a somewhat larger bathing suit for the contests. But the ones their husbands didn't want to keep were the ones the judges didn't want any longer either.

This paucity of raw "Miss" material has forced a widening of the eligibility area to "Misses" in the professional fields, if the professionals can qualify on an amateur basis. In one southwestern Iowa town "Miss Footwear" became "Miss Our Town" when it was demonstrated

that she never had received benefit from the product she publicized.

BUSINESSWISE, Iowa now is reacting to the rave notices it has been getting from metropolitan and Washington columnists. According to the ulcer literati of the East, the Korean war situation has made the farmers of Iowa richer than ever. These reports have sent many of our best agriculturalists riffling back through their checkbook stubs. After adding up some subtracting, most have shaken their heads and returned to the business of husking the corn without losing an arm.

Others, however, more eager to please, are doing their best to look as though they have been cleaning up on the war. They have been buying new cars and making larger contributions to the university and college football team funds.

But once a practical Iowa farmer always a practical Iowa farmer. Though he buys a big car to look prosperous, the friendly farmer keeps in mind the payments on the mortgage, and reflects that to meet them he will probably have to market livestock while it is still young. So he orders a big car with a glass partition between the front and back seats in order that the little calves can't lick the driver on the back of the neck en route to the stockyards.

» Honor in Public Life «

From an address by Herbert Hoover at the Iowa Centennial Celebration in Des Moines, August 30, 1951.

» I may start with the idea that all things in government which bear the prefix “New” are not necessarily new. They may not all of them even be good. Truly every generation discovers the world all new again and knows it can improve it. It is a good thing that they do — or our race would shrink in vitality and grow senile.

Each generation also wants to find out for itself that the stove is hot. A renewal of that sort of information is valuable.

But we have overworked this word “New” in trying to get out of this age of misery from our thirty-seven years of hot and cold wars, with intervals of hot and cold peace.

In this period we have either been cured or made over “New” about fourteen times. We have had the New Order, the New Freedom, the New Day, the New Era, the New Outlook, the New Epoch, the New Economy, the New Dawn, the New Deal, the New Religion, the New Liberalism, the New War, and several New Foreign Policies. None of these were really “new” discoveries.

Some of these somethings “new” have value. Too many have been false signposts on the road of national progress. Some point to will-o’-wispes of security not to be had on this earth. Some lead the nation over the precipice of inflation and socialism. Some just lead to the land of make-believe. Certainly some of them are tainted with untruth and a diluted intellectual honesty.

The word “New” applies better to physical things than to human forces. Indeed when the sun rises in the morning we hail it as a new day. We cheer the passing of the night. But it is a false analogy in the march of civilization.

Most of our chores for the new day were assigned the night before. Our abilities to perform them were formed not only last year but over centuries or even geologic time. If the new day has no link with yesterday we would be without know-how and morals today. The loss of that link can bring chaos to the whole economic, the moral and the spiritual world. . . .

» The practical thing we can do if we really want to make the world over again is to try out the word "Old" for a while. There are some Old things that made this country.

There is the Old Virtue of religious faith.

There are the Old Virtues of integrity and the whole truth.

There is the Old Virtue of incorruptible service and honor in public office.

There are the Old Virtues of economy in government, of self-reliance, thrift, and individual liberty.

There are the Old Virtues of patriotism, real love of country and willingness to sacrifice for it.

These "Old" ideas are very inexpensive. They even would help win hot and cold wars. . . .

» We have a cancerous growth of intellectual dishonesty in public life which is mostly beyond the law. One of its chief instruments is corrupt propaganda. . . . Its process is to create suspicion, hate and fear. Its purpose is less to persuade than to conceal truth and to crush opposition.

The machinery of propaganda is made of standardized gadgets by which you can detect it.

One of those standard gadgets is slogans. They freeze the real process of thought. . . .

Another gadget is to give new meaning to old, simple, and well-understood expressions until the integrity of our language is polluted. The term "liberalism" has turned pink inside. The term "welfare" never before meant the "welfare state" with its red or pink colors. The Chinese Communists were not "Agrarian liberals." From that perversion of truth alone, we suffered a gigantic defeat of free men in China. . . .

There is still another of these propaganda gadgets. That is to squelch debate by cries for Unity! The implication is that the citizen is disloyal to his country if he disagrees with the powers that be. . . . These gadgets have been very handy tools for making America over into these fourteen New varieties and getting us into hot and cold wars. . . .

» Congress can well widen the laws so as to clutch the New kinds of bribes and benefits they have discovered. But Congress cannot reach intellectual dishonors.

Part truth, concealment of public commitments, propaganda and its gadgets and failure to enforce the laws are but part of them. And there are

group pressures "to get theirs" which smell from both the decay of integrity and the rotting of patriotism. And some persons arrive at their morals with a divining rod that measures morals in terms of votes.

The Congress, from its own inquiries, is confronted with the fact that sacred Honor cannot always be tested by legality or enforced by law. In its frustration, the Congress is groping for some sort of code of ethics, which with a prefix "New" might protect the citizen from his own officials.

Might I suggest that there are already some old and tested codes of ethics? There are the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the rules of the game which we learned on our Mother's knee.

Can a nation live if these are not the guides of public life?

» The American people have a right to bitter complaint over these disclosures of dishonor in high places. The duty of public men in this Republic is to lead in standards of integrity — both in mind and money.

Dishonor in public life has a double poison. When people are dishonorable in private business, they injure only those with whom they deal or their own chances in the next world. But when there is a lack of honor in Government, the morals of the whole people are poisoned.

The drip of such poisons may have nothing to do with dishonor in some college athletics or the occasional policemen on the beat. But the rules of the game have been loosened somewhere.

Some folks seem to think these are necessary evils in a free government. Or that it is smart politics. Those are deadly sleeping pills. No public man can be just a little crooked. There is no such thing as a no-man's-land between honesty and dishonesty. Our strength is not in politics, prices, or production, or price controls. Our strength lies in spiritual concepts. It lies in public sensitiveness to evil.

Much as the Congress has my good wishes, something stronger than a new code of ethics is needed by America. The issue is decency in public life against indecency.

Our greatest danger is not from invasion by foreign armies. Our dangers are that we may commit suicide from within by complaisance with evil. Or by public tolerance of scandalous behavior. Or by cynical acceptance of dishonor. These evils have defeated nations many times in human history.

The redemption of mankind by America will depend upon our ability to cope with these evils right here at home.

From Djakarta — a firsthand account of

The Unreported War in Indonesia

Alexander Marshack

IT WOULDN'T SEEM POSSIBLE for a war to go on any place in the world today and not be reported. Particularly a war between the elements of a European nation and an Asiatic, and a war of major political significance.

Yet *this* is the first report of that war. A strange, complex war that may do the cause of the Western World and the U.N. as much harm, politically, as any being fought in the world today. This war has been going on a number of years. It is being fought, bitterly, in the green,

lush hills of the Republic of Indonesia, among the most fertile rice lands of the world, amid scenery that is fantastically peaceful and beautiful.

Indonesia is of far greater importance than most Westerners imagine. She is one of the richest nations on earth, third perhaps only to the United States and Russia in natural resources. She supplies almost half the world's rubber and tin, a good portion of her necessary drugs, spices, and oils. She stands in the South, exactly as Japan does in the North, an island fortress off the mainland of Asia. She stretches across three thousand miles of Pacific water to within swimming distance of the Philippines and Australia. She is within shouting and smuggling

Alexander Marshack has just returned from many months in Southeast Asia, where he traveled widely, became involved in the problems and personalities of that remote, critical region.

distance of Singapore on the mainland. And she is not only a leading Asian nation, but a predominantly Moslem nation of seventy million persons, standing delicately in the balance of world politics.

Indonesia is the world's newest nation, and the world's newest republic, having gained her freedom in December 1949. She is the sixtieth and last nation to have entered the United Nations, on September 27, 1950. At that time she was voted unanimous approval and membership by all the nations of the U.N., including the Western bloc, the Soviet bloc, and the Middle East — the first nation to be so honored.

Yet this new, rich, sovereign, and non-Communist nation is fighting a war against the arms, officers, and men of a major European nation, the Netherlands, from whom Indonesia received its independence. The soldiers fighting the Republic are Netherlands citizens, members of the Netherlands Home Army (KL), the Royal Netherlands Indies Army (KNIL), and the Netherlands military intelligence.

I traveled through the rich, beautiful guerrilla area of West Java, including the guerrilla headquarters area of Garut and Tasik Malaya. I took my first trip alone, and later joined President Soekarno and his general staff. I spent four months in all sections of the country documenting one of the most difficult stories in Asia. This, then, is the

exclusive story of what is happening in that area.

WHEN THE DUTCH returned in 1946, after the Jap defeat, to their fabulous island empire of the Netherlands East Indies, they found that the Indonesians had declared a free republic. For four years the Dutch fought a desperate war trying to crush the republic, but in the end, through U.N. and U.S. efforts, the Netherlands finally transferred sovereignty.

Peace came, supposedly, on December 27, 1949, the day of transfer of sovereignty. But on that day, according to captured documents, headquarters of General Engles, Commander B Division of the Royal Netherlands Indies Army of West Java, sent a secret communication to the forces of Captain Westerling in West Java, assigning to him as "adviser" a certain "Major F" of Dutch military intelligence. Westerling is possibly the most fantastic character and adventurer of the mid-century, whose career began in the underground in Europe in World War II. The Major dissociated himself and Westerling, officially, from Netherlands headquarters, and continued the fighting.

Four weeks later the army of Captain Westerling attacked the Republic in the heart of the West Java area, the key rice lands of Indonesia. That was the first battle in this undeclared and strange war.

A word now about this Dutch military intelligence. Formed when the Dutch returned to Indonesia in 1946, it had for its purpose the infiltration and sabotage of the new, weak, and unrecognized republic. But on the day of transfer of sovereignty the intelligence organization, NEFIS as it was called, was officially "liquidated." Before signatures, however, were put to the transfer, the Dutch removed to Holland all pertinent names, lists, and records, and burned the remaining archives. The NEFIS organization remained intact. And on that day of transfer, as we have seen, an intelligence officer was assigned to Westerling. The war, now under cover, went on.

Only one other reporter has tried to report on this war, and he was murdered.

Let us look for a moment at his story as I was able to get it, with great difficulty, from Indonesian military intelligence. Though it is only a sidelight to the main story, it will show why this war has been so hard to report, and give us a clue as to its background.

THE ABORTIVE Captain Westerling coup took place in January 1950. In April 1950 Bob Doyle of *Time-Life* arrived in Indonesia. In mid-April he was in Bandung, West Java, the city out of which Westerling had operated and which he had tried to capture. In Bandung also

was Professor Raymond Kennedy of Yale University. Professor Kennedy had been in the country somewhat longer than Doyle, studying, among other things, the odd political situation. He had already written an article condemning the activities of the Netherlands officials. The article, under an American byline, had caused a stir, and had harmed the Dutch cause.

Doyle and Kennedy registered in Bandung at the beautiful, ultra-modern Dutch-owned Savoy Homann Hotel, which was at this time (though they did not know it) the center of the NEFIS-IVG and Dutch intelligence organization for West Java. And having registered they began circulating through the city asking questions. Question number one concerned the roots of the Westerling-NEFIS affair. Immediately two Indonesians riding a blue sedan began tailing Doyle and Kennedy in their movements. Movements that could not have been more obvious, since they were riding an open, red U.S. jeep.

Doyle and Kennedy left Bandung on April 27, heading east toward Cheribon, through the heart of the then guerrilla area. Heading east also, out of Bandung, and following their red jeep, was the blue sedan with the two Indonesians.

Now according to the Round Table Conference agreement transferring sovereignty, the Dutch Army was to evacuate in two years. There-

fore at this time, four months after the transfer, the road to Cheribon was being policed and patrolled, not by the Indonesian Army of the Republic, but by Dutch KNIL battalions, Indonesian mercenaries in Dutch uniforms, Indonesians from the soldier island of Ambon. The Army of the Republic had no posts in this area, specifically none in the area on the Cheribon road of Tjimalaka and Tomo. The Dutch KNIL, however, had a post here. Precisely between Tjimalaka and Tomo, Doyle and Kennedy were stopped by six men in Dutch KNIL uniforms and Green caps, and by their deep skin coloration obviously Ambonese mercenaries of the Dutch. Doyle and Kennedy were shot, according to the lab reports, by a single Dutch sten gun.

The motive evidently was not robbery. It was political assassination of two Americans.

Significantly, villagers near the killing were brusquely ordered by the Dutch troops to bury Kennedy and Doyle, forget them, and keep quiet. One woman, hesitatingly, talked, and Indonesian military police went in and dug Doyle and Kennedy up. The identification papers, passport, and notes of Professor Kennedy had been taken. For he was the already well-known, hated member of the twosome. He had written, bitterly, against the Dutch. Doyle of *Time-Life* was newly arrived, had not yet filed

his story, and was therefore unknown to those interested in Kennedy. And so Doyle's notes were found, complete, on his person. It was Kennedy they were after.

It is perhaps odd that the Indonesian government has, for apparent security reasons, denied knowledge of these papers to Mrs. Doyle and the State Department. It is possible that military officials may have been sensitive to Doyle's jotted facts on all he had seen in the troubled country. But Doyle's papers tell a pointed story. In Doyle's small, recovered notebook were specific references to the fact that he had been asking questions in Bandung about Westerling and something ominously called the "APRA."

Both Dutch intelligence and APRA are carrying on the military phase of the war against the Republic.

What could Doyle and Kennedy have found out about APRA?

APRA was a crack Dutch military unit that was organized under Captain Westerling about a half year before the Netherlands handed over sovereignty. It was organized to oppose the new republic at a non-official Dutch level, and to give military strength to dissident factions against the Republic in West Java. To protect the Netherlands, APRA and Westerling went through the formality of resigning and deserting in a body from the regular

Dutch Army, including crack Red Caps, Green Caps, depot units, infantry, motorized units, all equipment and all officers. It was probably the nicest, sweetest, most cohesive "mutiny" or "desertion" in all military history.

When independence was granted Indonesia, APRA failed to carry off its coup. And so after a few short battles with the Army of the Republic, Westerling's APRA battalions were given orders to withdraw on a new and a longer strategy — the long-range sabotage of the Republic.

One company of 200 men under Lieutenant Vermaas headed northwest of Bandung to the Burangaran Mountains. Another company of 200 men, under Captain Bosch, headed south for the Guntur Mountains. A third smaller group under Lieutenant Brauer headed southwest for Tjillilin. A fourth group, one platoon of forty men under Captain Eddy Hoppman, headed one hundred and fifty kilometers due west for the Salak Mountains.

These names are important, for they still, in 1952, operate in the hills. Captain Westerling himself headed out of Indonesia to prepare for further activities. The Netherlands government went through the solemn motion of disavowing and regretting the incident.

But Captain Westerling, meanwhile, having led an army of "deserters" from the Dutch Army, received very special privileges from

the Dutch. When his coup failed, he went into hiding in Bandung — in a Dutch military camp. He was flown out of Bandung to Djakarta in a Piper Cub belonging to the Dutch Air Force. In Djakarta, the capital, he lived with a top-ranking Dutch general, whose name I can not safely divulge just now. He left Djakarta for the mainland of Asia in a Dutch Navy Catalina.

All this, roughly, is what Bob Doyle may have been trying to find out when he was murdered.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER DISPERSAL to the hills of Westerling's men, now fighting as guerrillas, the Republican Army monitor began picking up broadcasts of a Dutch military radio transmitter from a point near Bogor, a city satisfactorily located dead center between Bandung and the capital city of Djakarta. This radio was transmitting in Dutch military code and occasionally in straight cryptic Dutch. It was broadcasting from an area that was out of the sphere of direct military action, but the beam was adequate to blanket the operations of the four groups. It is still, at this date, active, and keeps jumping its wave length and exact location so that the Republican Army has not yet found it.

But of more importance, and also indicating the headquarters nature and strategy of this war, is a message captured last spring, in March

1951, and explaining Dutch guerrilla action:

"Report On Inter Troop Communications. Combeatteam [the Dutch word for Combat Team] Cring II has retired from Ardjunan and removed to the area of Pangalengan and Malaya. Communications with contact persons are in good order. The work of communicants is to arrange the nationalization of all troops that know how to organize the combeatteam. In this period up till March 1951 the Central Bureau of Combeatteam Cring I is with Vt 4023C."

The "Combeatteam" mentioned in the message is the exclusive operational unit of the NEFIS intelligence organization. It is not found in the regular Dutch Army, or in the Republican Army, or among the fanatic Moslem DI forces also in the hills. It is a title given a special attack and operational unit of hardened NEFIS "commandos." Trained to operate in guerrilla and underground conditions against the Republic, their function is specifically rear area sabotage and destruction. And they are trained to operate for long periods alone, if necessary.

The message quoted was in Dutch, and signed "Lt. Brauer." It was captured on Lieutenant Brauer's courier. Lieutenant Brauer is one of the officers of Captain Westerling who headed into the hills when the 1950 coup failed. He is an officer of the Dutch intelligence organization.

Another indication of the Dutch headquarters character of this war is a receipt, typewritten on a printed form obtained from a bookstore in Bandung: "Please deliver: 2 kisten Munitie cal 7.7 Bestimd vor (intended for) Com Combeatteam Cring II in periode Mei 1951." And again the receipt is signed "Lt. Brauer."

The Army of the Republic has three times, twice in late 1950 and once in early 1951, found in the hills parachute drops that had been sent to the guerrillas with military supplies. Arms, then, are coming from a central military depot, obviously Dutch.

These facts are known neither to the Indonesian public, nor to the Netherlands public.

The combeatteam is a small unit, operating alone, foraging, disrupting, and robbing. But a combined striking force of many combeatteams will be as large as five hundred men or more.

While I was in Java I followed the activity of one such combined operation — that of Captain Bosch, an ex-officer in Westerling's APRA Army, now operating in the Guntur Mountains of West Java. On June 18, 1951, five hundred men under Bosch did a military feint, and attacked a police post at Artjissari, heading as though to the east. After the attack, alerting the Republican army in that direction, they quickly dispersed and headed west. First,

however, they removed their military uniforms, donned civilian clothes, and broke up into component small groups or combat-teams. On the way west they united two or three times again for full-scale battles and attacks in military uniform.

Newspapers throughout the world carried stories merely of "guerrillas." No one seemed to know exactly what the fighting was about.

It is important for us to realize that this is not Communism that is fighting in the hills. These are the armed officers and men of a European power.

As the intercepted communications indicate, and as other documents I have shown, these Dutch combat-teams have been recruiting Indonesians to their cause. Which Indonesians?

I HAVE TRAVELED through the guerrilla area and seen the burned, sacked villages, the destroyed bridges. I have seen the night fear that comes on a people who dare not ride on their own roads or go to their own fields. I was with one group of Indonesians in the area when it began to grow dark. "Swallow your watches," they laughed nervously, "or Captain Bosch will get them." And they raced by, speeding up when a hitchhiker flagged the car.

There are dissident elements enough. During the years of open war against the Dutch a fanatic

ultra-Moslem group calling themselves Darul Islam (Islam State) took up arms in West Java and fought the Netherlands. It was in that rough period when it seemed the Republic might go under. But the U.N. and the United States and world opinion intervened to save the Republic, and the Darul Islam became an anti-government army. By January 1950 they had 20,000 troops, regular and irregular, were collecting taxes, running schools. But in January the new Republic attacked the DI, killed 2,000, captured 10,000. It is from the remnants of the 8,000 that the bulk of Dutch-led fighting goes on. For even though the DI was anti-Dutch, their disintegrating position, political, moral, and military, made a union with the highly-trained crack Dutch troops advantageous to them. They were both living in the same hills of West Java, and off the same villages. And the Dutch had what they wanted — Indonesian recruits, and the backing of a seemingly native movement. The DI-Dutch union began, tactically, about July 1950, more than six months after the Republic had been, officially, granted sovereignty.

There are today five guerrilla groups in West Java under the overall military command or supervision of Captain Bosch, but under the political and religious leadership of the DI leader, the Indonesian Kartosowirjo.

The operation today is not one of

trying to overthrow the government, but mainly one of maintaining a state of near crisis throughout the country.

The number of guerrillas in West Java is about 5,000. But to take care of these nearly 5,000 the Army of the Republic has a full eighteen battalions in action, or 18,000 men, with another full eighteen battalions in the area and in readiness. To understand the disruptive power of the guerrillas one must realize that Java is the most densely populated area on earth, fifty million people on the one island. The hundreds of guerrilla actions easily and effectively disorganize the economy and the politics of the new republic.

BUT THERE IS another security problem in Java — other minor, but disrupting elements. First of all is the religious DI, of which remnants still exist, not only in the Dutch-led armies, but in small groups of their own. They exist as an extensive political organization, separate from and in opposition to the Republic. They have their own “governments” set up and functioning in villages where the Republic has apparent daylight control. They have mayors, councils, and their own police force. The DI has underground members also in the ranks of the Islam Masjumi, the leading legal political party of the area.

A second minor security problem are the ex-guerrillas, non-political

armed youths who fought in the revolution against the Dutch. They still have arms, and, unable to earn a living in the unsettled area, they steal, mainly from Chinese merchants, from Dutch plantations, and from officials and business men who ride in new, expensive cars. Food they take from the peasants. It is a simple struggle to survive, aimed at those who have.

Even the honest steal. I attended the line-up at police headquarters in Djakarta one morning, and of thirty-two persons who had been arrested that night, thirty were young boys between fourteen and nineteen. Charges were robbery and petty thievery. I interviewed four of the boys, who with bland, naïve honesty admitted the charges. They had all come to the capital within the last four to six months, and as one boy said: “In my village near Garut as a coolie I earned one rupiah a day, here in Djakarta I earn four, but four is harder to live on in the city than one in the village, so we steal.”

I had one Indonesian friend who biked with his wife from Central to West Java and was held up on the road four times by such youthful bandits. When he explained he had no money and only the bike, they laughed, were friendly, and sent him on. Though these youths are non-political and unorganized, continued insecurity could force them to the right or left, to the Dutch-led

armies or to any existing or future Communist movement.

Operating also in West Java is a third element, the long-time professional criminal, who did business under the Dutch and who sees no moral reason to stop working under the Republic. The present confusion is a boon to their activity. Compared to the DI-Dutch forces, however, these two latter groups are small in total number. They make up a good percentage of the police, but not military, crime of the area.

The fourth minor military activity is that of the Left, composed of factions of the communistic-socialistic, and at times even anti-Communist, youth movement. They do not entirely oppose the Republic, and their action has been mainly economic. Taking a cue from Communists on the Asia mainland, they began, even before the transfer of sovereignty, to divide the big estates among the peasants. The Round Table Conference returned all these estates to the Dutch. The Army of the Republic found itself in the peculiar and unenviable position of fighting these left groups in defense of Dutch property returned by the RTC.

In January 1950 there were two such left pockets in West Java, each with armies of approximate battalion strength. Today there are no more than two hundred still in the hills.

It is obvious that this non-Com-

munist left, numerically and politically, is no major threat or major disruption. In fact an internecine struggle between these small left groups and the DI-Dutch armies has been of aid to the Republic in locating and destroying both.

This then is the West Java picture of the Dutch-NEFIS war against the Republic.

There is a similar story of Dutch-NEFIS guerrilla action in East Java, which I shall not take space here to document. It adds up to exactly the same political pattern, an undercover Dutch attempt to disrupt the new Republic.

WITHIN RECENT MONTHS a new, most mysterious phase in this undeclared, illegal war has been developing.

Shortly before I left Djakarta I saw a secret list of 1800 names of Dutch Army officers and men who returned to the Netherlands according to the terms of the Round Table Conference agreement, *but who in the last year have re-entered Indonesia secretly in direct contravention of the intent of the RTC agreement.* They have returned without indicating their previous status, have returned to various "commercial" and "estates" contracts. A good portion of these have headed to indicated "jobs" in Java and then disappeared. They are not working, are not at the addresses given when they entered, have nowhere been seen.

What, may we ask, are these military men returning for? Continued guerrilla war, or in the eventual hope of a full-scale, larger war?

A possible clue may lie in Dutch intelligence activities in the city of Surabaya. Surabaya, in East Java, was the central naval base for the Dutch, and is one of the key ports in Indonesia and Asia. It is also headquarters for Dutch intelligence. One officer of Dutch intelligence in Surabaya is a captain of the IVG in "Dutch Division A" fronting behind an office in a Dutch commercial house. He is also an ex-captain of Westerling's old Special Troop Corps. For the last year he has been specifically assigned to work in the "DGK" or Doorgangs Kamp, through which Dutch soldiers pass on their way back to the Netherlands. Did he brief and screen them with instructions to return? I was unable to find out.

Apart from these and other military operations through Indonesia there exists, simultaneously, a network and plan of Dutch intelligence-inspired economic and political sabotage affecting all the departments of administration in the Republican government itself, and the nation's commercial life. I must state clearly that not all the Dutch in Indonesia are by any means part of this activity. Indications are that the Netherlands Government itself may not in all its branches be aware of all the facts. For it is being carried out by

a closed circle of old colonial hands in commerce and the military, both within and outside the Netherlands Government.

THE IMPORTANT THING to understand is that there is no moral excuse for the Dutch in this "intervention" in Indonesia. And no anti-Communist issue. The Communists were severely crushed in an abortive revolt against the Republic in Maduin, East-Central Java, in 1949. They have neither dared nor talked an uprising since. In fact periodic arrests by the Republic under "emergency" laws have kept the Communists off balance and on the defensive. The one thing that could add to their prestige and strength both in the labor unions and the villages is continuing internal upheaval and instability. Rising prices, military insecurity, and economic failures have all been meat to the growing militant trade unions.

Why then are the Dutch seeking to sabotage the Republic?

First, to preserve their former economic position and to prevent the growing economic, cultural, and political influence of the United States in Indonesia. According to the terms of the RTC agreement, the Netherlands retained the bulk of the economic and cultural privilege they held when Indonesia was part of their empire. But the United States, ECA, USIS, commercial concerns, Hollywood, have all moved

in on what was once exclusive Dutch domain. The one way to keep the expanding American interests out is to keep the country in a continual state of disorder and confusion, of inflation and guerrilla warfare. I have seen American government and business people grow nearly apoplectic in the heat at what seemed inexcusable inefficiency and sabotage.

THE SECOND EXPLANATION of Dutch activity is their attempt to hold on to at least a part of their Pacific empire. According to the terms of the transfer of sovereignty, the Netherlands still have temporary control over one portion of their old East Indies empire, that tremendous undeveloped area in the Pacific at the far east end of the 3,000 mile archipelago, New Guinea, or as the Indonesians call it, Irian. The Dutch are trying as rapidly as possible to convert New Guinea from unpopulated jungle into a prosperous plantation and estates country. They are moving in immigrants from the Netherlands and from Indonesia, including estates specialists in rubber, tea, and coffee. This is vital to post-war, troubled Holland. Before the war her East Indies colonies gave her one of the highest standards of

living in Europe. Today, without it, the Dutch are facing a dire economic crisis.

But Indonesia has different and determined plans for New Guinea. The new republic has proclaimed "Irian to Indonesia," and President Soekarno raises the issue passionately at mass meetings whenever and wherever he can.

It is over this question that a large portion of the war and sabotage turns. The Dutch claim, slyly, that a Republic that can not maintain security and peace within its own territory certainly is in no position to take over new territories and problems.

The unfortunate outcome of this struggle is that the Dutch find themselves in the position of being the only nation in the world today "at war" with a bona fide Asia non-Communist government and member of the United Nations. This conflict can only hurt us in our present struggle, and haunt the Asia problem and our own security longer than we may care to remember.

In the developing crisis of South-east Asia, Indonesia may, in this way, be prepared for chaos and Communism.

A STORY

The Urge to Kiss

HANS RUESCH



IT'S AN ODD feeling coming back to a girl you haven't seen for nine years, four months, eleven days and five hours, roughly speaking. Especially when this girl is supposed to become your wife, and you barely remember how she looks.

The only picture I had of Lúcciola showed her at the age of eleven. She had had no new ones made when I left Italy. Photographs are still something unusual in Montrecase, my native village on the Sorrento Peninsula. People dress up and take the train to Naples when they want their pictures taken, and that, as a rule, happens only on solemn occa-

sions — when they get married or feel ready to die.

If I didn't remember Lúcciola's face, I remembered her laughter and her tricks of speech; the wealth of dark hair, heavy and rich; the way she walked; her low tone of voice, as if she were always telling secrets; and especially the way she looked when she looked at me. And I remembered also that I was in love with her.

According to one of my uncles, who was the village authority on women and mules, there are only two types of girls: those who have a steady gaze, and those whose eyes keep wandering even while talking to a boy. Girls with wandering eyes, according to my uncle, are sure to make bad wives. The others make good wives — maybe. And Lúcciola's eyes were as steady as a compass.

After a spectacular career as an auto-racer Hans Ruesch turned to writing and won acclaim for his novel Top of the World. He lives in Naples and is now finishing an autobiographical novel.

(The rule applies to females only; it seems the only men with a steady gaze are those with a glass eye.)

Somehow, I'd always liked Lúcciola's steady eyes — especially when they were directed at me.

IN ITALY customs are strict and there are heavy fines for kissing, necking, and stealing in public. At the time I was courting Lúcciola it cost ten lire and ten centesimi each time the police caught you kissing a girl. If her family caught you it cost a lot more: you had to marry her. Nothing short of emigration could save you. That's one of the reasons why there are so many Italians scattered all over the globe.

Ten lire ten was a tremendous price to pay for a mere kiss before the war. For that sum you could take a girl to five movies, or five girls to one movie, and the movies were a safe place for kissing. But the nearest picture theatre was eleven kilometers from Montrecase, which made things tough if you didn't have a bicycle. Besides, a girl could usually go to the movies only if convoyed by her entire, and inevitably large, family.

So here's what I used to do when I felt the inexplicable but powerful urge to kiss Lúcciola — and the tip is worth a lot of lire in case you're planning a trip to Italy: I took her to the railway station, because the Law shuts an eye on the kissing rules before train departures. When the

whistle blew, Lúcciola closed her eyes and parted her lips, and I folded her in my arms until the train started moving — sometimes five minutes early on its regular half-hour delay. Then I jumped aboard (to keep things legitimate) and while the train maneuvered back and forth on the tracks I jumped off on the other side. Next day we'd be back for more.

I wasn't afraid to be caught by her family. On the contrary, I wanted to marry her very badly, for ours wasn't a kiss-and-run affair. Our love for each other had crept upon us slowly, like the taste for olives, to get hold of us finally like an incurable malady. However, Lúcciola's family objected to me because I had no money.

Women in South Italy are extremely superstitious, always afraid of walking beneath a black cat and all that; but nothing is considered a worse omen than giving one's daughter in marriage to a fellow who can't keep her whole family in calories. And since all marriages are for keeps — mainly because there is no divorce — everyone gets accustomed early in life to endure long engagements. Couples that get betrothed after five years' acquaintance are rash, while marrying for love is immoral. Likely as not such customs sound weird in more enlightened countries. But surely not half as weird as enlightened customs sound in Montrecase.

It was on account of all this that I had decided to go to the United States where, it was reported, anyone who worked hard and didn't squander his earnings on double features could, over a number of years, put by enough money to support a mother-in-law.

So now I was back. Having been duly feted by my mother and Carmelina, the only one of my sisters who wasn't yet married, I said I was going for a stroll, and went straight to Lúcciola's house. The whitewashed outer stairway led under windows lined with red geraniums and framed with clusters of tomatoes, onions, and pomegranates glowing in the evening sun. The door was ajar and I wrested myself past the fly-netting, which is one great invention too many: it keeps some flies out and the others in.

There was the clean smell of cold ashes from the cookstove, like in our own house. On the couch by the window Lúcciola's mother sat sewing, a pile of linen at her side. She sprang up on seeing me and embraced me as if I were her own son. I noticed, as with my mother, strands of gray in her lustrous black hair.

Then I saw Lúcciola. She stood rooted in the doorway of her room, not a tinge of color in her face, staring at me as if she were frightened. I was. My heart was pounding so it hurt.

"He's come back," her mother said. "Won't you welcome him?"

Lúcciola stepped forth and said, small-voiced:

"Welcome home, Gianni."

I pressed her ice-cold hands in silence. I knew my voice would quiver if I spoke. She wore a snug black dress with a red belt. Her hips were rounder, though her waist seemed slimmer. In other words, she had acquired a figure. And the figure was shaken by a fine shudder.

"Go make some coffee," her mother said, and Lúcciola escaped gratefully, but with a smile over her shoulder at me.

Right away her mother cornered me with an enormous cake. It wasn't homemade, so I accepted a large piece.

"Sit by me, Gianni, and tell me everything," she said as I ate. "You didn't say much in your letters."

"Not much to tell."

She eyed me inquisitively. "I imagine you met a lot of people?"

"Yes."

"You saw a lot of things?"

"Yes."

"You learned a lot of American words?"

"Yes."

Then came the \$64 question. She rested her work on her lap and asked:

"You made a lot of money?"

I blushed. "I was rich once. I amassed a fortune in the Army. I had over two hundred dollars the

day I got out, but I lost everything in an unsound investment." I didn't think she'd be interested to know that my unsound investment had been a farewell crap game with the boys. "Then I had to work for several years to pay for my passage back."

She sighed deeply and resumed her sewing. "One needs a lot of money to live nowadays," she said reproachfully. "Dollars would come in handy."

"I know," I said.

"But now more than ever," she said firmly. "Eggs used to cost 25 centesimi apiece before the war, now 30 or 40 lire. Meat has jumped from 12 lire a kilo to a thousand. Oil from 5 lire to 500."

I didn't say anything. I felt disheartened. I couldn't eat the rest of my cake.

"And there's inflation in crimes, too," she went on. "Robberies, assaults, raids, holdups. They don't even stop at churches or graves." She eyed me as if I had just come back from a grave robbery.

Lúcciola arrived with the coffee.

"What are your plans?" she asked, gazing at me with her steady eyes.

"I haven't made any yet," I answered, utterly lost in her young, dark beauty. "It all depends."

"On what?" Her eyes were steadier and clearer than ever.

"On this and that," I said, and I knew my gaze was darting back and forth like a ping pong ball.

I left that house feeling lower than the Netherlands. All those days on the Atlantic I had been exultant, sure of leading Lúcciola to the altar before she caught her breath. But the brief chat with her mother had dashed my hopes, reminding me of what I had gone to America for, and that I was back without so much as a gold tooth.

At my own home Mother and Carmelina asked eagerly, "Have you seen Lúcciola?" And I said "Yes" in such a tone that they didn't carry it any farther.

All the following day I wandered in the alleys of my childhood with my heart in my socks, under the oleanders still in bloom, along the mud river and the duck pond, alone — and it hurt. I'd had my first taste of back-at-home, and it was bitter. I avoided the café where I would have to be gay with the boys. Right after supper I crawled under my mosquito netting and dug in for a good eight hours' insomnia.

LÚCCIOLA CAME up alongside me on the street the next morning as I was starting on a round of my aunts, uncles, and cousins.

"You've grown," I remarked. "You used to be just as high as my heart."

"I wear high heels, that's why. I bought them for your homecoming. I put them on today for the first time. Mother doesn't like them. You know how mothers are."

"Yes, I know," I mumbled.

Then, without warning, she said, "Amedeo's been after me a great deal."

"Is that so?" I was flabbergasted. Amedeo had always been slated to marry my sister, Carmelina, and I hadn't heard anything at home to the contrary.

"He's crazy about me. At least he says he is." Her tone was modest, almost deprecating.

"Is that so?" I was upset, for I was very fond of my sister.

"Since he's inherited his father's business he needs a wife to keep his books, he says. He can't add so well, and thinks I can."

"Is that so?"

"Your vocabulary isn't very extensive for somebody who's been abroad," Lúcciola flared up in sudden anger.

"Then why don't you go listen to Amedeo's vocabulary?" I flared back. "He always was a glib talker."

"That's just what I'm going to do — and I beg you not to come within knifing distance of me again!" She turned briskly on her high heels.

I didn't feel any better after that. I decided to stay home moping and telling myself that women weren't worth the rib they were made from. When my mother asked casually whether I wished to invite Lúcciola to dinner, I refused, explaining I didn't feel too well. She immediately forced me to lie down and sent for the doctor, though I'd rather have

died a natural death. But the only way to argue with my mother is by correspondence. The doctor eyed me with disapproval, thumped me from top to bottom, declared it must be something I ate, and sentenced me to an indefinite stay in bed with camomile tea as nourishment.

AFTER SUNDOWN, giddy from hunger and rest, I was trying to sneak into the kitchen for a snack to rally my flagging spirits when I fell plumb into Lúcciola and my mother confabulating in undertones in the parlor. Lúcciola's eyes were red.

"Why aren't you in bed?" Mother demanded.

"Probably sleepwalking," Lúcciola suggested. "Fever. Delirium."

"Hungry," I said, giving my mother a wide berth, for she was one of the hardest hitters on the Peninsula, and slipped into the kitchen. I was coming back with a salami sandwich, circling out of harm's way, when the doorbell rang. My sister Carmelina sprang from her room like the cuckoo in a cuckoo clock. Mother grabbed a pair of scissors, went to the door, and demanded that the caller identify himself. It was Amedeo.

So that was it! He was still trying to hold onto my sister, though he knew that so far as keeping books was concerned, she was almost an idiot. There aren't many wolves in our parts, but plenty of foxes, and

evidently Amedeo was one of them. For he cheerfully said *buona sera* to both of the girls as though they were nothing to him — or everything. Amedeo is a hefty fellow with a strong voice and weak eyes enlarged by silver-rimmed spectacles. He considers himself a big-timer because he has a business in Salerno.

He kissed my mother's hand, and then Carmelina's; but he stopped short of kissing Lúcciola's when he noticed my presence. Instead, he gave me a mighty slap on the back. I hate slaps on the back, especially when I'm coaxing bread and salami down my windpipe. But that's Amedeo for you, all over.

"Let's celebrate Gianni's return," he boomed.

"Gianni's not well," said Mother.

"Of course I am," I insisted.

"Of course he is," Amedeo agreed.

"Let's all go to the tavern."

"I don't want the girls to be seen at the tavern," Mother said.

"Under Italy's new, democratic constitution, mothers have no legal right to keep their daughters out of taverns," Amedeo politicized.

Whereupon my mother had no choice but to give her blessing to our outing.

THE MOTIONLESS night was en-crusted with stars as Carmelina and Amedeo walked ahead, arm in arm, on the cobbled streets between the slumbering houses, I following glumly with Lúcciola at my side.

"He does that all the time," she whispered, "to make me jealous. I hope you won't take it too hard, my marrying him. But just imagine how he must be suffering to act like this!"

"It's breaking my heart."

"And you've disappointed me very much, Gianni."

"I've disappointed you?" I exploded.

She ignored my question. "If you don't like my peaches, why do you shake my tree?"

"But I *do* like your peaches! It's you who's being difficult."

"You seemed downright relieved when I told you I'd marry Amedeo."

"Relieved?" I cried, outraged.

Her voice quavered like a mandolin. "You didn't *break* anything."

If I hadn't before, I sure felt like it now. "Can I help it if I'm the slow, withdrawing type? If I'd come home with a pile of dollars, you wouldn't be so fussy!"

Lúcciola stopped dead in her tracks. I could see the glint of her moist eyes in the dark, like the fireflies for which she was named. She was very angry — the angriest beautiful girl I ever saw. She took off one of her shoes (which is a sure signal that a southern girl is on the warpath) and began pounding my head with the high heel she had bought for my homecoming. I began to hear a ringing in my ears, and it wasn't wedding bells.

My sister turned around. "How

they love each other!" she cried enthralled.

When the heel broke off, Lúcciola began to weep softly, holding up her wrecked shoe for everyone around to see.

"Look what you've done, you brute," Carmelina assailed me as though I really were a brute.

"I'd like to break his head," snarled Amedeo.

"It's a sad though recognized fact that everybody who's been in America comes back a little touched in the head," my sister said finally, rallying to my defense. "They say it's the excess of electricity in the air."

When we were back in formation, Lúcciola treading gingerly on her replaced heel, I asked her, "What am I supposed to do?"

"Make life difficult for me, eliminating my suitor with your bare fists, like a gentleman!"

"Great snakes! We two aren't in the same weight class: he's a big heavy while I'm not even a middle-weight. My beating him up would be unfair, downright illegal!"

"That doesn't matter," she said valiantly. "We're among friends and won't squabble over technicalities. Something must be done fast. He's counting heavily on marrying me in the very near future — maybe within a year or two."

"It doesn't look so from where I stand."

"Because you're an ignorant oaf without insight into the affairs of the

heart! The ways of love are wondrous and wonderful."

AT THE TAVERN a handful of peasants and shepherds with gold rings glistening in their earlobes were seated at the round table. We ordered a *fiasco* of red Gragnano and drank to each other's health. The higher I got the lower I felt, becoming even glummer and snappier. But Amedeo's manners remained impeccable: he never burped without lifting his hat to the girls.

When the second *fiasco* was one-quarter full, Carmelina, who till then had never drunk anything stronger than cough-syrup, held up her glass and demanded silence. She was the quiet sort that rarely talked, but when she did, she invariably said something silly.

"You may congratulate Amedeo: we've just decided to head for the marital rocks."

Lúcciola elbowed me. "To make me jealous, of course," she whispered. "See now what I mean?"

I braced myself. "Amedeo," I said resolutely, putting down my glass. "What's the idea of giving Lúcciola such a rush?"

"Gianni always understands fast if you explain a long time," Carmelina said. "It's me Amedeo's going to marry."

"Great snakes!" I said to her. "How is it possible to be so young and already so stupid? Don't you see through this big meatloaf? He makes

sheep's eyes at another while squeezing your hand under the table. Amedeo's had his knife and fork out for Lúcciola all the time."

"Who said that?" Amedeo cried angrily.

"I said it," I said. "Didn't you hear me? And I saw it with my own ears!"

"That settles it," Amedeo said, getting up and taking off his coat. Carmelina hastened to take off his spectacles.

It seems that Amedeo wore glasses not only to look intelligent and well-read, but because he couldn't see farther than an ant; and whenever he had a couple of bottles too many, he became belligerent, stirring up more animosity than a peace conference. So whenever he got up to fight, Carmelina removed his glasses, forcing him back to his chair.

In New York, however, taking off one's glasses in a saloon was the equivalent of the sound of the gong in the ring. Without wasting time, I put in a few good punches which Amedeo, squinting to find his target, returned, missing Carmelina by a narrow margin. Becoming bolder and bolder, I moved in just far enough to be too near. That's when Amedeo got a hold on me — and that's when I knew I was lost. All my life I've been at the mercy of men stronger than I. I decided to pull a faint — but too late. He had put a solid grip on my coat and was slapping me against the wall like a door-

mat, while I rapidly said my prayers. In the end he carried me home on his back.

"Signora, you were right," he said, plopping me at the feet of my grieving mother. "He isn't well. He made Lúcciola cry, wrecked her shoe, and ran amuck. I had great pains in persuading him to quiet down. He ought to be watched."

If somebody would have closed my fist for me, I'd have punched him right in his shiny nose.

"The exotic climate's been even worse than we anticipated, Mother," Carmelina mourned. "He's become a fiend."

"But don't beat him up *now*," Lúcciola said. "Wait till he's better."

"You should have heeded the doctor's warning," my mother scolded me. "If you'd stayed in bed, all this wouldn't have happened. Now get back there immediately!"

LÚCCIOLA NURSED me all night with a kind of Mona Lisa smile on her face, changing the damp towels on my forehead and reassuring my mother and sister, who every so often, and sometimes oftener, tiptoed in to see if I still breathed under my mosquito netting.

As soon as I could muster enough strength to talk, I said, "I'll kill that oversized Casanova till he lays off you! But next time I'll gorge him with a knife."

"You say such wonderful things," she said. "Would you really go so far

as to commit murder for my sake?"

"Yes. But no farther."

"You're a dear," she said, squeezing my hand. "But it would look so dreadful if it got in the papers. I'll try to talk Amedeo out of his foolish hopes."

"Meanwhile I'll go back to America," I announced nobly. "And this time I'll make enough money to get married on."

"You'll find that apart from a fiendish disposition I have no defects," she encouraged me.

"Then will you wait for me another year or ten?"

"No, I won't," she said firmly. "I'll come along. I hear that in America two can live as expensively as one."

WE DECIDED ON a double wedding with Amedeo and Carmelina, in spring, first class. Relatives, friends, and enemies came streaming in long processions from the neighboring villages. Hardy, battle-scarred veteran husbands came to gloat over Amedeo and me. All the women were deeply moved and had unburied their best jewelry from their mattresses.

Our ancient little church was thronged, and the crowds overflowed into the piazza. The altar trappings and sacred objects glistened in the glare of the candles, the smells of burning wax and incense blended with the fragrance of orange and lemon blossoms, and the chanting

tones of the priest mingled with the murmur of the crowd.

The padre had just got hold of my ring — the one destined for Lúccio-la's finger, not the one she was going to put through my nose — and I was listening attentively to what he had to say for himself, when the whole church lit up in an infernal flash as an explosion shook the stained glass windows.

The crowd stood aghast. Then the sacristan's high-pitched voice broke the awesome silence:

"Don't lose your heads. Run for your lives!" And that quick-thinking man dashed to the sacristy, starting a general stampede.

It was all my mother's fault. In order to immortalize the memorable event, she had ordered a photographer from Naples, hiding him in the choir loft for a fine bird's-eye shot. But Montrecase was as innocent of the magnesium flash as of most other modern inventions. And the clumsy photographer, in an effort to light up the scene from that distance, had overloaded his powder tray, burning his mustache.

It took us a good hour on hands and knees to locate the scattered rings, round up the priest and his helpers, and persuade them to conclude the ceremony. But the crowd refused to return, convinced that one of the raiding bands of dynamiters infesting the countryside was at work.

Amedeo, a practical man, took my

sister to Salerno right from the altar so she might start learning about his accounts without wasting time. I decided to take Lúcciola to Naples for our honeymoon.

WE STOOD ONCE MORE on the platform of Montrease's sleepy railway station where we had exchanged our first kisses. Our things were on the train. My mother was enjoying a good cry. So was Lúcciola's mother and a flock of aunts. It was beautiful. When Lúcciola also burst into tears, I took her in my arms and started to kiss her.

We were rudely interrupted by a tap on my shoulder. I turned around and found myself face to face with the Law. A carabinieri was scowling at me, hungrily licking his pencil and worrying his pad.

"The joke's on you, General," I grinned. "We're married!"

"That doesn't entitle you to misconduct yourself in public."

"But the train," I pointed out, "is about to leave."

"Yes, and you both intend to be on it," he said, beginning to scribble. "So you aren't kissing goodbye — *you're just kissing!*"

Lúcciola turned cardinal red from having broken the law before so many aunts, and I stammered, "What now?"

"Just pay the fine," the carabinieri said callously, handing me the ticket. "Unless one of you chooses to stay here while the other leaves, making it a real departure."

It was the first time in my life I paid for a kiss, and it hurt. I had to dig deep in my coat lining: the price for that sort of thing had been boosted to a thousand lire a try. Inflation sure was hitting me at the wrong time of my life.

The Way of Happiness

» Thrice happy are they and even more who in unbroken bond unite and whose love is not sundered by wretched quarrels before life's final day.

FROM HORACE *Ode on Jealousy*

MAX EASTMAN reports on

The Miracle of German Recovery

THE GERMANS ARE SENDING food packages to England — it's quite a flourishing business." These were the first words of an American observer in Berlin on whom I had relied for the most expert information. They do not really sum up the whole situation, but they sharply indicate one indubitable fact: that German recovery has far outstripped that of her victor in the great war. Behind this fact stand a few simple events — and a man — as important as any in the world.

When the Allies took over Germany in 1945, the German economy was operating under a rigid system of state control. Everything was rationed; everything "planned"; everything bossed from the top.

Max Eastman has recently returned from a six-months' visit in Europe, which included two extensive tours through Western Germany and Berlin.

That was the inner core of "National Socialism," and the Allies didn't change it. They tried to denazify politics; they "denazified," or executed, Nazis. But they didn't denazify Nazism — that is, the operation of economic life by political command. They just put it in new hands and let it run. And with the war incentive gone — and the Nazi police — it ran straight into the ground. Money, already vastly depreciated, lost all value. What after all is the use of money if you can't buy what you need with it? Everything was rationed, and rations were infinitesimal. Barter took the place of trade, and a tremendous black market flourished. The store windows were emptied of everything more useful than fancy ashtrays. The trains were loaded with people travelling out into the country with pots, pans, or dishes, and coming back with a sack of potatoes. The

sense of confusion and frustration was universal. The German people, the most industrious in the world, were reduced to idleness and petty bickering.

Nobody knew what to do. That is, nobody knew what plans to make, and what commands to issue. But one man, who happened to have courage as well as brains, knew that the thing to do was to stop planning and stop issuing commands. That was Ludwig Erhard, Bizonal Director of Economic Administration under the British and Americans. Erhard realized that sound money and a free market in which to buy and sell what, where, and when they pleased, were the sole things that could release the energies of the German people.

It sounds simple enough. It sounds like an old-fashioned doctor walking in where a mob of highly-paid specialists are killing a patient with nostrums, and saying: "Open the windows, give him nourishment, and leave him alone — nature will do the rest." And that's just how it worked. The currency reform of June 20, 1948, and the abolition of ration cards and controlled prices accomplished what is now commonly described as "the miracle of German recovery."

THE MONEY REFORM was not Erhard's doing; everybody saw the need of that. It was, in fact, shaped more by the American authorities

than by Erhard, who would have made it less drastic. It consisted in issuing a new German mark exchangeable for ten of the old ones, and giving every man, woman, child and baby in Germany 60 of these new marks. All other money was converted into blocked accounts, which were later and only gradually released at the ten-to-one ratio. That expropriated many people shockingly, particularly those who depended on annuities or savings in money, but it gave Germany a plausible unit of exchange. What Erhard did was to put normal and real meaning into that unit of exchange by abolishing ration cards, and clearing away the whole paraphernalia of bureaucratic state control over the *act* of exchange. It was an experiment in free enterprise, the opposite of the experiment in England — under her Labour government. That is what makes the result so significant.

The Germans were off to their jobs and occupations like race-horses when the bars go down. Practically overnight, food, fruits, vegetables and goods that for many years had been available only at outrageous black-market prices were back in the stores again. And with public confidence in the currency restored, a new wave of hope swept the country. Today, four years later, German production as a whole is over 140 percent of what it was in 1936 — the year Hitler bragged of

as beginning a National Socialist economic millennium.

The main point in the "miracle," however, is that Ludwig Erhard is *not* an old-fashioned doctor. He is an up-to-date expert in economics. Until kicked out by the Nazis, he was director of the Institute for Economic Research at Nuremberg. But he was not a socialistic or a New Deal economist. He was not allured by the idea of a "planned economy," an idea that sounds so plausible it takes an intellectual hero to oppose it. He belonged to the school of hard-headed humanitarians, sometimes called neo-liberals,* who maintain that not only democracy, but high living-standards depend on a free market and a proper operation of the price system. In solving with these measures the immediate problem of German recovery, he believes he set an example of the manner in which the basic problem of the whole world must be solved. That makes it worth-while to lay aside our special emotions about Germany and take a look at this man and what he did.

ERHARD DOES NOT LOOK LIKE A HERO; he looks like a fish. He is wall-eyed, with pale blue irises, a rosy dewlap, and a cut-off nose. There is a robust, energetic, almost

* The theoretical leaders of this school are Friedrich Hayek of the University of Chicago (*The Road to Serfdom*), and Wilhelm Roepke of the University of Geneva (*The Social Crisis of Our Time*).

comic charm in his aspect which is very hard to convey. And the words that come out of him are crisp, clear, eloquent, musical even, and backed up with gestures that suggest easeful and self-confident force. "You'll have to put up with my face for quite awhile," he said to the photographers at one of his first press conferences.

He is extremely modest and genial. From the scrubwoman up, the employees of his Ministry regard him as a friend. A Bavarian, he has nothing of the dry efficiency of the Prussian official, and he rather admires Americans for their informal ways. He works all day and half the night, devoted only to economics, music, his wife and daughter — and cigars. The latter are as integral to his character as to Churchill's, though in the matter of food and drink he is far more restrained. And he is always calm. At a recent conference, Ockhardt, his friend and press director, a former cathedral organist, became indignant and began shouting and pounding the table.

"Please observe, gentlemen," Erhard said, "that I am not excited. For getting excited I brought Mr. Ockhardt."

That calmness is most impressive on the platform, for it is combined with energy and wit. He is more of a teacher than an orator, one who explains abstruse matters with absorbing clarity. Though he objected to the abruptness of the American

decartelization program, he is just as firmly opposed to monopolies as to price controls and ration cards. His belief in the competitive market is convincingly sincere, and he made a powerful campaign for the Christian Democratic Union in 1949. When his party won the election, Erhard became Minister of Economics in the new West German Federal Republic. In that key position, he has continued his determined efforts to put Germany back on a regime of genuine free enterprise. "Back to the nineteenth century," his enemies say. And his friends reply: "Yes, with the whole world sliding to hell, where is there to go but back?" On one thing, however, friends and enemies agree: his drastic abolition of controls in the madhouse confusion of post-war Germany was an act of superlative courage.

Though his own tastes are almost austere, Erhard has no disposition to force them on others. That England had to fall back on a moralistic state-evangel of austerity — six years after the war's end — he regards as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole planned economy idea.

"What future is there for a social system which doesn't invite people to get out and fight for the dignity and joys of a free life?" he said to me. "You might in a serious emergency have to impose some special restrictions such as the individual case requires. For us the Korean

war was such an emergency. It hit us a stunning blow just as we approached the peak of success by raising prices on the world market of the imports that are essential to German economy. This has made certain special trade controls unavoidable. But we adopted them in the same spirit and manner you have for your defense program. And we'll abandon them just as soon as the international situation calms down, and our economy comes into balance again after the shock."

THAT IS THE TALK you hear, instead of sermons on austerity, in Erhard's Ministry of Economics at Bonn. And if you arrive there, as I did, after a car ride through Western Germany, the effect is tremendous. For the revival of life, the bursting forth and surging of human activity in this nation is astounding. With the budding of the fruit trees, the men and women and their great strong horses are coming out into the fields, preparing their soil for the spring sowing with a meticulousness unparalleled in the Western world. Long lines of trucks are crowding the autobahns. Factory chimneys are smoking, barges are laboring up and down the Rhine, sunk to the gunwales going and coming. In Cologne vast cranes and derricks are at work in the great cathedral — preserved as though by Deity in the total destruction of the inner city. In Stuttgart you can

count more than twenty new streamlined buildings in a two-minute walk. In Frankfurt, industrial capital of the new republic, you feel in every block the strong resurrection of a people. Picks and shovels, hammers and saws, electrical drills and steam-shovels keep up a din from dawn to dark. Goethe's birthplace is restored with historic accuracy. Even the Institute for Social Research — most modern of scientific foundations — has a brand new four-story building. Traffic lights are back, and a policeman with a loud-speaker talks to bungling drivers kiddingly instead of rushing out and arresting them. In the outskirts an "Auto Pilot Service" stands ready to guide incoming cars, like ocean liners, to a safe haven in the town. The mood of resurrection grows on you until the awful gaping shells and caverns that used to be homes begin to recede with their unspoken tragedies into the past. You can even smile when you see that for a new and boisterous generation they make ideal places to play cops and robbers in.

THERE ARE CRITICS, bitter enough, of the way this resurrection is being run. Even in the government Erhard has to fight for his policies. It is an odd contraption, this new West German government that has replaced the Nazis. Adenauer, the Chancellor, is both old and cold, and presides over his cabinet some-

what like the principal of a boy's school. Everybody behaves well under him except Erhard, the bad boy in the back seat. The bad boy happens to be, in economics at least, the one who really knows his lessons, and so he is apt to get his way.

The chief opposition, of course, comes from the Social Democrats, the second largest party, which finds much support among the five and a half million organized workers. The trade unions, although theoretically advocating a planned economy, are not following the socialist party line and are opposed even to state regulation of wages. They are also opposed to the closed shop, believing, as a leader of the metal workers told me, that "when a worker joins a union voluntarily, he is a better member and will fight more loyally for its aims." The chief aim of the unions is still the "right of co-determination," that is, effective participation of union representatives in the management of an industry — a right won last year in the steel industry. This right, which goes in the direction of the socialist ideal without state ownership, has been strongly supported by the Social Democrats. That, more than the idea of socialism, brings them trade union support.

Socialism has lost a good deal of its charm for the German workers, owing to the Nazi experience, the Soviet example so near by, and the

miracle they saw accomplished overnight by the restoration of "capitalist" competition. This makes the Social Democratic Party soft-pedal its dogmas a little, though obliged on principle to assert that the miracle was accomplished at the expense of the working class.

"Every step Erhard has taken," a well-known leader of the party said to me, "was taken with the idea: Let the middle and upper classes get rich!"

THERE IS UNDOUBTEDLY an excess of "luxury spending" in Germany. I think this would be inevitable in any high-speed recovery from economic collapse. But I am not convinced that the gulf is much wider between the owning and working classes in Germany than in the United States. Moreover, I found Erhard and the men in his ministry as much exercised about this problem as the socialists. Erhard's Adviser on Raw Materials, Otto Friedrich, spoken of as Germany's Charles E. Wilson, undertook privately to find out just how, in one large factory, the increased earning power of the German worker (an increase of fifty percent between 1948 and 1950) was distributed. Here are the results, taking real wages in 1936 as the standard:

In 1950 the industrial workers were receiving four percent more purchasing power than they received in 1936; the smaller office

employees were receiving twelve percent less; the medium office employees, twenty percent less; the higher-ups, thirty to forty percent less; and the topflight officials as much as fifty percent less. This latter figure did not surprise me, for I was told by the head of another big factory that he pays an eighty percent tax on his income.

The head of the Reconstruction Loan Corporation, Hermann Abs, supplied me, although unwittingly, with a less statistical reply to the accusation of the socialist leader. "Abs' bank," as they call it for short, is the largest bank in Germany, handling among other things all the Marshall Plan funds. But it is housed in an old building in Frankfurt, about one-third as elegant as the newly finished home of the United Trade Unions around the corner. The president's office is fitted with plain deal furniture, his desk in aspect not strikingly different from a schoolroom table. If you are impolite enough to show surprise at these surroundings, he will give you a quiet smile and say:

"Some financiers feel that the first thing to do with a bank is to build an imposing structure with a front like a Greek temple. They think I'm sabotaging because I do business in this unedifying structure. But while there are sick people in Germany who can't find beds in a hospital, I don't see why money-leaders should be given the priority.

There is a certain decent human order in which a recovery, no matter how surprisingly swift, ought to be conducted."

After our conversation Herr Abs took me downstairs to lunch in a small dining room where meals are served to all the employees of the bank, from the president down, for the tiny sum of twenty pfennig. These meals cost the bank one mark twenty, but Abs believes the saving in time and health of his employees makes it a good investment.

"We are not only reconstructing factories in Germany," he said, "but reconstituting people. In the two years since we established this dining room the average gain in weight of our employees has been between twenty and thirty pounds."

As I sat there with these everyday clerks and workers—several of the women, incidentally, joined for this midday dinner by their children—enjoying a tasty and wholesome meal of soup, meat, vegetables, salad, and dessert, my thoughts traveled again to England. There these same people would be definitely underfed. As a result of the rationing system imposed by the Labour Government, there are six eggless and six baconless days a week, and unless one eats in restaurants or canteens, six meatless days too. Surely this is not all due to the changed world status of England, or to the fact that she won the war!

Erhard himself is less concerned

to answer the propaganda clichés of the socialists than to explain their theoretical error in imagining that planning for a market economy means having no plans at all.

"All practical thinking involves plans," he says, "and in the complexities of the modern world a Ministry of Economics has a lot of such thinking to do. The difference is that our thoughts are directed toward preserving economic freedom as the indispensable condition of freedom anywhere. The socialists want to replace the free market with a State Planning Commission. They want men instead of prices to decide what shall be produced and how much and by whom. At bottom that means deciding what everyone shall do in the main concerns of life—and pretty soon also, as behind the Iron Curtain, what we shall think. It's a mistake which may take centuries to correct if it goes through all over the world. If you want to see what it does to the standard of living, you have only to compare the present conditions in East and West Germany. That will give you the results of a controlled experiment, so to speak, on the relative merits of a state-planned and a free market economy."

The results are, indeed, so startling as to be almost a shock to the nervous system. A visit to East Germany, if you go from the West, is like entering a famine area.

Instead of meat (which is avail-

able only twice a month) there are fish and eggs. Flour and sugar are dispensed only in the smallest quantities; bread is mediocre; potatoes are the staple of life. There is still, six years after the war, the daily struggle with ration cards and coupons. A worker who averages about 200 of the East German marks a month (or less than one mark per hour) can not afford two marks for coffee and cake, or ten marks for a meal with the real red meat to be bought at outrageous prices in the government chain stores. He also can not afford the prices charged in these stores for goods not available in the free market such as: shoes, an overcoat, shirts, a suit, a bicycle, pots and pans. Not only are wages ten to twenty percent lower than in West Germany, but taxes are eighty percent higher. To keep alive an East German family of four pays only slightly more than a West German family (163 marks a month versus 159), but for anything above subsistence it must pay almost three times as much (449 versus 166). In 1950 when West German production surpassed the 1936 level, East Germany reached only fifty-four percent of it.

The following figures also are significant: In Western Berlin, a West German mark is worth about four East German marks on the free market. Russian occupation, as far as money goes, costs each of the sixteen million East German citi-

zens 440 marks a year, while the forty-eight million West Germans pay about eighty marks a head for the Allied occupation. And this latter sum is reduced to fifty marks by the vast ECA and other foreign help which, by the way, has played a major part in the West German recovery. In contrast to this, Soviet-Russia is grabbing far more than twenty-five percent of all production in East Germany, besides all that was confiscated as reparations during the first few post-war years.

UP IN THE NORTHWEST BORDER near Lübeck, East and West Germany are separated only by a narrow stream. There is no No Man's Land, and you can look across from the free into the enslaved world. There is a restaurant in a beautiful old Custom House on the free side, and on Sundays the slaves of communism will gather on the opposite bank and gaze with wondering envy at the free Germans eating *cake and whipped cream* in the garden of this restaurant. There is plenty of smuggling here, and you will get the surprise of your life if you ask what are the principal goods carried across in the dark. The first word of the answer will be "Anaesthetics!"

"People are constantly swimming over here for a trifle of chloroform to save some friend or relative the medieval torture of an operation without anaesthetics."

A gruesomely ironical comment, I thought, on Marx's "historical dialectic," according to which the nationalization of industry is to usher in a new age of joy in abundance for all.

A MORE SIGNIFICANT COMMENT is the flood of refugees that pours daylong and nightlong, like the slow-motion picture of a stampede — almost a thousand a day — from East Germany into the West. They are abandoning all they have of sentiments, friendships, or possessions to escape from the "socialist commonwealth" and take a chance at life in a free world. And still more significant, if anything could be:

the economy of the free world has been able to absorb them. Although there are almost 9,000,000 East German refugees and expellees in West Germany, and the place is devastated by bombings, deprived of twenty to fifty percent of its machinery by dismantlings, and robbed of twenty-five percent of its food-bearing farm land by the Soviet occupation, still there are only 1,440,000 unemployed today. The figure is used, of course, by demagogues as a reproach to Erhard's policy and philosophy of free competition. To a sympathetic mind it is his most astounding triumph — the top point in the miracle of German recovery.

The Cost of Collectivism

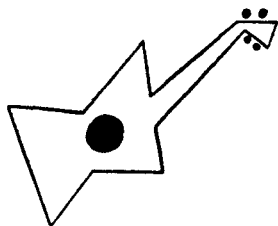
It is becoming more and more obvious that the dangerous instability and fluctuation of the British economy are due to the impossibility of holding a middle course between a liberal and a collectivist economic structure. The British example proves, in a particularly significant and disturbing way, that a definite choice has to be made between the guiding and motivating principles of a market economy and a consistently collectivist planned economy. If the totalitarian consequences of collectivism, against which leading economists and sociologists are warning us, have not yet appeared in England, and British democracy remains untouched in its essentials, we must bear in mind that the functioning of British democracy has been bought at the cost of the non-functioning of British collectivism.

Wilhelm Roepke in "Is the German Economic Policy Right?" — A report made at the request of Chancellor Adenauer and Minister Erhard.

EDDIE CONDON

breaks down and confesses:

What Jazz



Means to Me

ONE NIGHT I was sitting in the saloon, minding my own whiskey, when this big broad with about a hundred strings of pearls draped around her façade slopped over the table and dripped some culture on me. You could tell she thought she was slumming by coming down to our place. She had an upper-bracket accent so wide you couldn't have hacked through it with an Army-surplus machete. I could have mentioned that we were slumming by letting her in the joint, and I thought I'd better make a note to tell the doorman to be a little more selective. She talked faster than

Eddie Condon, saloon owner, author of We Called It Music, and a fine musician, has taken a leading role in creating public interest in real jazz.

Mezz Mezzrow, the famous arranger and, by his own modest admission, inventor of jazz. She said too many words in that accent for me to catch all of them, but when I did manage to untangle the ones I could hear, I gathered she was trying to tell me that she thought our music wasn't too offensive. That was kind of her. But then she went the limit. She said she thought we were probably better than we primitives realized. While I was recovering from her generosity, she leaned over and said, "Mr. Condon, tell me — what does your music *really* mean to you?"

I don't know what kind of answer she was hoping for. Maybe she thought I might give her the kind of response she would have got from one of the musicians in the band at the old Howdy Club, a hangout of

the Homintern that used to occupy the premises of our saloon. Maybe she thought I'd give her a few hundred words on my art, and aesthetic theory.

"It means eating," I said.

I wasn't trying to insult the lady, but she jumped as though I'd said a dirty word without permission, and then she graced me by her absence.

I wasn't joking, either. The music we play does guarantee that whenever they bang the dinner tom-tom, no musician that works in the saloon is going to be sitting out the set. Unless, of course, he's been contributing his paycheck to the charity drive in the phone booth in the corner drugstore. And the eating comparison isn't too farfetched in another way. When a man gets in the habit of eating, which used to be an unusual peculiarity for my kind of musician to develop, pretty soon he begins to take it for granted, the same way he feels about taking a bath (or the way some guys feel about *not* taking a bath). Every once in a while he may wonder what his wife's going to shovel up for dinner that evening, or he may feel the gnaws for something in particular, but as far as the eating habit itself is concerned, he never thinks much about it. Very few people, when they're eating habitually, stop to think what would happen to them if they weren't. And that's what the music my boys and I play means to me. It comes as natural as

anything I know. All I can think of it is that it's a part of my life, and it's been that way since I was smoking cornsilk.

THERE'S ANOTHER WAY of looking at it, which I'll get into. First, a few things ought to be cleared up and some terms ought to be defined. But even before that, I want to make clear that I'm not setting myself up to be a music critic. I feel about critics the way Wild Bill Davison, the cornetist in our band, feels about the man who asks him to play "Sugar Blues" in the manner of Clyde McCoy. Wild Bill, in addition to being incapable of rendering any such cornmeal as that, is a little individualistic. He doesn't like to be told what to play. One night a drunk said to him, "Hey, Bill, how about 'Exactly Like You'?"

Davison's face was blank. "I don't know it," he said, friendly as you please. "Is it something new?"

To return to those critics: I have absolutely no interest in being identified with them. Critics of our kind of music were unknown in this country until the British and French discovered the records that Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Earl Hines, Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, and others were making around the late twenties and early thirties. They started writing critical articles in their music magazines, and before long the American magazines got the addiction. Before any

musician knew what was going on, he was being criticized, examined, analyzed, and studied.

This didn't bother the musician too much, as long as the critics didn't put their fingers in his booze. In my own case, I've never been bothered too much by them — and some of them haven't treated me with the feather-duster touch, either — because I think they're about as funny as Joe Frisco. Funnier, without meaning it.

A critic once said to Dave Tough: "The percussive intensity of your playing is an aesthetic and emotional experience." Dave looked at him and walked away.

That's the way it is with critics. They dig up a couple of set terms and phrases to use in their writing — things like "mellow intonation," "authoritative sound," etc. — and bingo! they're in business. Let the sense fall where it may, and who cares if what comes out is top-level ridiculousness?

Whenever most critics write about a recording or a performance, it's usually an exposé of their own lack of knowledge of what the musicians are trying to do or what the session is all about. Sometimes it's an exposé of their acquaintance with the Haig family. They're usually far off the point (assuming they know what the point is, which is dubious), contradictory, and mechanized. Some of them can't even read music, and from the way they write, you get

a feeling that they wouldn't do the music profession much good if they could. I know a good many writers, but I never knew one who could also play an instrument and do either job well. Maybe they have callouses on their fingers from too much typing.

To show how ridiculous these creatures are, let's take up the matter of the annual polls. Both *Metronome* and *Down Beat*, the two foremost musicians' publications, run annual popularity polls. That is, the critics on the magazines run them. I won two of those *Down Beat* polls on my chosen instrument, the porkchop, which some people call the guitar. That's the most laughable thing in the world, when you think of the number of guys who can play that particular instrument better than I can. My instrument is a plectrum guitar (means you pick it), a long-necked item with a big box and four strings, tuned like an old five-string banjo without the fifth peg. The reason it was ridiculous for them to give me the nod in those popularity polls was because in thirty years I've never played the porkchop any way but as a rhythm instrument. The same with the old banjo. Some critics have remarked that I can't take a solo. This is one instance where they are absolutely right. I won't argue with them, but I will say that even if I had the technique to do it,

I wouldn't. What you can play solo on a guitar would sound much better on some other instrument. Of course, that doesn't include Segovia, Gomez, and guys like that.

Therefore, in my opinion, critics serve no honest purpose except the consumption of ink, paper, and readers' time. We don't play our music because we want it analyzed. We play it because we like it and because it means eating. So, whatever I say about our music doesn't go for everybody. It goes for me, and I can be as wrong as — well, as wrong as the critics.

THUS FAR, I haven't called our music anything but "music." Some time ago, George Frazier, the ex-critic, who evidently didn't have anything better to do, wrote a story about me which he called "Mr. Jazz." I appreciated his writing the story, but in my opinion "jazz" is too all-embracing a term for our kind of music. That "jazz" is a very elastic word. Jazz can be played, for example, by a Paul Whiteman-sized band; if you called that scored jazz, you could probably get away with it. Most of the biggest and most successful bands today are definitely not jazz bands, but many of them do play jazz in one form or another.

The best way I know to describe the music we play is "small-band music." But that's elastic, too. There is a series of noises called be-bop, or bop, which is also played by small

bands. I haven't heard much bop, and none of it intentionally, but I've heard enough to know that I wouldn't want to get mixed up with that type of nervousness either as participant or devotee. Hot music ought to be played every-man-for-himself with common sense added, but bop sounds like every-man-for-nobody-not-even-himself with no sense added at all. I hear they don't even call it hot. The bopsters call it "cool," and critics like Leonard Feather, author of "The Deep Interior of Bop," go right along calling it that. From the current bop outlook, it's going to get even cooler — not the music, but the response to it. Whenever I think about that stuff, which isn't often, I remember the story — I don't know who originated it — about the bop musician and his girl who were walking down an alley. Suddenly a cat jumped out of a window and knocked a flower pot off on a garbage-can lid, which began clattering and rolling down the street. "Oh, darling," the girl sighed, "they're playing *our song!*"

No, don't confuse our stuff with bop. The small-band music we play, we call music. That's all; music. It's the music that started in the South, floated north on the riverboats, rested a while in Chicago, then spread. It started around the turn of the century, developed in the twenties and thirties, and is now more popular than ever. Some people call it Dixieland, but very

few musicians use that name. It's the music that was played by the old New Orleans burying society bands, by the showboat bands, and by musicians like King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, Jimmy Noone and Johnny Dodds, Kid Ory and Jack Teagarden, Bud Freeman and Mezz Mezzrow, Dave Tough and Gene Krupa, and even a fellow named Benny Goodman, who shows up successfully in concert halls.

The music I'm talking about is never scored. It's usually played in a band that consists of three or four rhythm instruments (drums, piano, bass and guitar or, in the old days, banjo), and three horns, usually trumpet, trombone and clarinet, although sometimes a saxophone is added. In the old days, the trombone was often used as a rhythm instrument. That isn't done so much any more, although some of the so-called "tailgate bands" which were in vogue last year clung to the old system. The way our music goes, the trumpet takes the melody, and the other guys play along with and around it. Solos are generous, and while one instrument is playing solo, the others sometimes make up figures behind him. If a man other than the lead doesn't know the tune when he starts, he generally winds up with a pretty fair idea of how it goes.

Another reason is one of the most important ones about our music, the way I look at it. This is supposed to

be a country in which every guy gets to do just about what he wants to do as long as he obeys a few simple laws. And that's the way the music is. The rule is you have to play in the right key and have to keep the same time as other guys, and hope too many impostors don't sit in with you. To me, that makes this music which grew up in America all the more American. I get uneasy when people begin calling this music an art form, but if you've got to call it that, you can say that this is one art form in which the artist has real freedom. He can say just about anything he wants to, and nobody'll arrest him (unless the joint he's working in happens, of course, to get raided).

NATURALLY, some people don't like this type of music. Eddie Jaffe, a press agent friend of mine, once said, "I gave up handlin' the Eddie Condon account, because I couldn't stand the music." Some people say that the music is stereotyped, and that too many of the numbers we play sound too much alike. Well, some of the old tunes do have the same structure, practically; the twelve-bar blues all sound a good deal the same. But there's a lot of difference between an ear and a trained ear. Sitting on the bandstand night after night, you get so you can hear something different in every number every time it's played. The music is never the

same. Sometimes a guy will hit a chorus that sounds not half-bad to him, and it'll stick with him and he'll play it the next time he does a solo on that same song. Bix and Louis often did that, even when they were playing with the small groups. But more often than not, the soloist will change even the solos he's fondest of. I imagine I've heard Davison play "Just A Gigolo" five hundred different times and five hundred different ways, maybe more.

THERE'S ANOTHER FACTOR in the music that suits me more than a trifle. It doesn't set up a lot of distinctions and specifications either for the people who play it or the listeners. When King Oliver and Louis Armstrong came up from New Orleans and introduced their music to Chicago, their followers and imitators out there included as many white men as men of their own race. That's the way it's always been. The music doesn't care what color the men are who play it, so why should the players or the ones who hear it? Whenever I begin to hate myself, I remember that the music has done a lot toward improving the ability of white and colored people to get along together, and I feel a little better when I remember that I helped organize the first recording date for a mixed band. That was in 1931. We made it for the Southern Music Company, a

subsidiary of Victor. There were Leonard Davis on trumpet, Happy Cauldwell on tenor saxophone, George Stafford on drums, all three of them Negroes; and then there were Jack Teagarden on trombone, Mezz on clarinet, and Joe Sullivan on piano. I played banjo. We recorded "I'm Gonna Stomp Mr. Henry Lee," and "That's A Serious Thing." There were no noticeable race riots.

It seems a man doesn't have to be any particular nationality to have a good feeling for jazz. I've known good side men among the Irish (Bob Casey), the Italians (Frank Signorelli), the Hungarians (Peanuts Hucko), the Scandinavians (Yank Larsen), the Poles (Gene Krupa) and the Russian-Americans (Benny Goodman). The music hasn't stayed in America, either; it has spread to all the European countries (the French and Swedes are crazy about it) and even to the Orient. I don't know if it has got to Japan or not; I don't think the Japs are too excited about it. I remember when Nick Rongetti, the Village piano-playing saloon-keeper, heard that we were at war with Japan, he didn't think the Japanese would give us much of a battle. "They don't go for our music," he said.

Another thing I like about the music's appeal is that it isn't divided among the social or financial levels. I've played in places in the old red-light district in Chicago, places

where the stripperiners pranced around between the tables when they weren't working on the stage. And I once played a job at the Otto Kahn estate in Cold Springs Harbor. Not long ago a Rhode Island brewer who isn't exactly living from hand to mouth invited the boys and me to come up to play for his debutante daughter's coming-out party. It's nothing to see longshoremen and other characters who weren't born biting silver spoons in the saloon. And I've noticed that the music doesn't stir them up and get them sore at each other. In fact, no matter how much sugar they have or don't have, the music sort of levels them off. We've never had any trouble to speak of in the place, and I blame it all on the music.

THIS KIND OF MUSIC has a strange influence on those who like it. The fellow who said that jazz musicians live in a world of their own wasn't too far from correct. Maybe it happened because in the beginning the music was so strange that most people thought the ones who played it weren't fully equipped with their buttons; the musicians stuck together for mutual protection and comfort. Or maybe it's because a lot of us grew up with it. I remember back to 1927-28, when the Three Deuces, at 222 North State Street in Chicago, was the place where all the boys congregated after hours or between jobs. There was a piano in

the basement, and you could always get somebody to play it, and somebody always had a set of drums checked down there. Phil Furman, the manager, was a good, likable guy, and he liked the music, too. So did the booze customers; they used to come downstairs and listen. Dave Tough and Frankie Teschmaker, on drums and clarinet, respectively (both dead now), Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, and Red McKenzie were always around the joint. When Whiteman's band came to town and played the Chicago Theatre, a half-block away, both Dorsey brothers, Bix, and the Rhythm Boys came in night after night to listen. The Rhythm Boys then included a kid named Harry Crosby who did some vocalizing. They called him Bing.

The music, for me, is hooked up with memories of times and places like that, and with smells and sounds. Certain songs my boys and I play make me think of something that happened during those early days. If you mention "China Boy," or "Sugar," I'll think of the time McKenzie got us our first record date at the Okeh studios, and how the supervisor was afraid that Krupa's drums would be so loud they'd ruin the recording equipment (they didn't, by the way). Tesch was on that record; it was one of the best of the few records he ever made before he died in an automobile mishap. When I hear "Panama," I think of the time that Bix and I

and some others were on the train from Chicago to Syracuse, New York, where we had a job at the Alhambra ballroom. I'd just met Bix, and I'd never heard him play cornet. In the morning, as we pulled into Cleveland, I got out my banjo, began fooling around, and Bix took out his cornet. We played "Panama," and from Bix's first phrase I knew I was listening to something like I'd never heard before — and, for that matter, haven't heard since. Before long the people were crowding the aisles of the train, craning their necks and stretching their ears to listen. We played all the way to Buffalo.

THINGS LIKE THAT, things that I don't seem important when they happen but come back to you — those are the things that the music means to me. But there are other things, too, there are things that can't be expressed in language, things that I can't say, and no musician can. These things may be as inconsequential as a good chorus Pee Wee Russell played one night at Nick's, or the time when I was with Pop Waller's band at Lake Delavan, Wisconsin, and went around with a girl named Barbara, or the first concert we played in

Town Hall in New York; or they may be important things, like a man down and out and dying, or the way I felt when I learned Bix was dead, or the time I met Phyllis Smith, who later proved she was crazy by marrying me. Or the things may be the kind that you simply can not put in words: longing (I don't know what for), or feeling sad (I don't know why), or feeling good (I don't know why, again). All those things come into it, somehow. Some nights the music is better than others. When Jack Teagarden is in town, he wanders into the place with his naked trombone in his hand, and a big quiet smile on his face, and he comes up on the stand and takes the bell off his horn and plays away and sings and makes the people glad they came. Sometimes Billy Butterfield comes down and sits in, just because he likes to. Then there are nights when none of the guys in the band feel much like playing, and what comes out is pretty ordinary. Nobody worries too much about that. You can't knock them all out; Dempsey didn't. All those things, and more, are what this music means to me, but they don't tell the whole story for one simple reason. It can't be told. The music tells it.

The Nature of the Enemy

HENRY L. ZELCHENKO

Stealing America's Know-How

The Story of AMTORG

IN THE SPRING OF 1926 about seventy-five Soviet engineers and mechanics descended on the Ford Motor Company plants to study the manufacture of the Fordson tractor, in accordance with a deal negotiated by the Amtorg Trading Corporation in New York. I was hired and paid by both Ford and Amtorg in the dual role of foreman of the Russian contingent and interpreter.

The following year I went on a visit to the Soviet Union. In Rostov my friend Ledeneff proudly showed me the loot that the guests of the Ford company had collected in their travels through Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee plants. Tons of blue-

prints, small tools, half-finished machine parts, even laboratory equipment were piled rafter-high in a small warehouse, and a score of men were sorting the stuff filched in the course of the American sojourn.

I realized then what the Russian engineers had meant when they kept saying while they were in America, "We are here to take what we want, not to be given alms." The picture was sharpened for me at a convention of the North Caucasus machine-building trust in Rostov. The problems of foreign trade were debated for two days, some favoring England, others the United States, as a primary source of materials. The clinching argument for America was delivered by Ledeneff. "In America," he declared, "we get more for our money. What we take free with every dollar we pay the Americans we would never get at any price in England, with

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Scotland Yard hanging onto our tails."

The plain fact is that under the guise of buying American goods, the Soviets for nearly thirty years have been stealing the secrets of American industrial know-how, inventive genius, and military progress. In this vital operation their prime agency has been the Amtorg Trading Corporation. Ostensibly a commercial organization, staffed in part by American Communists and fellow-travelers but mainly by Soviet citizens, it has actually been engaged in large-scale industrial, commercial, and military espionage.

Its amazing success has been made possible on the one hand by the untiring help of the Communist Party here, and on the other by business-hungry but myopic American manufacturers. From the time of its formation in 1923 to the dawn of lend-lease in 1941, this agency did pay piddling sums for what it received or purloined in technical information. But in the war years, when the so-called Soviet Purchasing Commission — filled with the ablest Amtorg-trained spies — functioned in Washington, there was no longer any need to pay. The Kremlin raked in everything in sight, gratis, as its intelligence agents swarmed over our factories, laboratories, and military installations.

In the cold-war years, of course, the scope of Amtorg's enterprise has been more and more restricted.

But it continues to conduct its sordid business from 49 West 37th Street, New York City, and seeks to maintain a skeleton staff against the day when it may again enjoy free and easy access to American technology. "We will always be here," the resident secret-police agent Karzov told me before the war, "because your country is ruled by big business, and big business wants our trade."

IN THE EARLY 1930's I worked in Moscow for two years as Technical Information Director in the Stalin automobile plant, ZIS. When my contract expired, I was summoned by the director, Ivan A. Likhachov. He informed me that a Soviet commission was being sent to Amtorg to buy machinery for the enlargement of his plant. Although I could not, as an American citizen, be made a member of the commission, he wished me to join it on an *ex officio* basis. I was glad to have his offer, as America was then in the throes of the depression, and good jobs were scarce. My intimate knowledge of ZIS and its needs, Likhachov told me, would be highly useful.

What, specifically, did he expect me to do in America? I asked. He smiled and looked at me significantly. Then he picked up a truck-timing gear from his desk and handed it to me. "What's wrong with this gear?" he asked. The

answer was fairly evident. I pointed out that the tooth cutting was bad, the lapping crude, the heat treating faulty.

"That's just what I'm driving at, brother," Likhachov exclaimed. "We must learn how to make this bastard of a part — all parts, in fact, because we don't know anything. You will help us not only in buying machines but in finding out exactly how these parts are manufactured. For every dollar we spend on a machine we expect a hundred — no, a thousand — dollars' worth of knowledge. Understand?"

Thus I returned to New York with the ZIS commission of forty-five men and one woman. Each of them, I became aware, had a definite program to fulfill — to learn the precise method of designing and finishing the parts with the manufacture of which he was concerned at home. "Dependable" people, particularly those who had left their families in Russia as hostages, remained in the United States a year or two, while less trusted people, who might succumb to the temptations of life under capitalism, returned after four to six months and were replaced by new agents.

Our procedure was simplicity itself. We began to send out requests for quotations on machines, tools, furnaces, dies, fire-fighting apparatus, etc. Immediately eager responses began to arrive from everybody and his uncle. In line with our requests,

all quotations were in five copies and accompanied by detailed drawings, descriptive literature, engineering data and instructions. Comrade Chernov, the heat treating engineer, chuckled in great glee: "Those Americans! Before they sell, they give away all there is to know about their products. I never believed they would really hand it over to us."

He shoved a set of blueprints toward me.

"Look, all I have to do is take these prints and instructions and, if possible, take a good look at the furnace in operation, then build it myself. I am a furnace man from way back. Why pay \$45,000 in good American *valuta* when I can build it for 100,000 rubles? We have plenty of rubles but no *valuta*."

IF YOU EVER WATCHED the Dance of the Buffoons in the Russian opera *The Snow Maiden* you will understand what I mean when I attest that the Soviet way of trading is a never-ending dance of buffoons, with foreign businessmen in the role of the buffoons. There was a constant stream of salesmen to the Amtorg offices, panting to grab a share of the supposed Russian trade. In their anxiety to make a buck they failed to notice or did not mind the tricks played on them. Amtorg agents singled out now one, now another manufacturer, and spent days or weeks at his plants. They

were dined and wined, provided with all the information they asked for, and returned triumphantly, usually laden with working drawings and operation charts.

WHEN THEY WANT something they cannot steal or extort, Communists can be very disingenuous. "We cannot buy a cat in a bag," they would plead. "We have to see the machine if we are to purchase it." And the normal American reaction was likely to be: "Poor fellows, so eager to learn! Show them everything — they won't be in competition with us anyhow."

The maker of a hardness-testing machine, for instance, was most responsive to our request for a demonstration in his plant. Nor did he discern any illogic when we argued that this was not enough — that we must also see his machine perform in the field.

"All right," he agreed good-naturedly, "where do you want to go?"

"Oh, it's all the same to us," the Russian spokesman shrugged. "Timken Axle Company, Ohio Crankshaft Company, and Packard will do fine."

No doubt it would be a big order, the manufacturer must have reasoned, since Amtorg was sending a fifteen-men delegation evidently bent on thorough examination of his product. It obviously never occurred to him that we had no intention of

buying his machines — only one of the fifteen, indeed, was connected with hardness testing, the others being electrical engineers, heat-treating engineers, mechanics, and GPU agents.

The mechanics in this instance had been assigned the task of finding out how to turn the differential spider pins so as to keep them straight and of proper size after heat treating. The heat treating experts and electricians were interested in a close-up of the TOCCO process by which crankshafts and camshafts were heat treated without scaling or warping, at a rate of four seconds per shaft as against seventeen to twenty-one hours by the old packing method. Others were instructed to study the electroplating process in the Packard plant. The three companies suggested so offhandedly had in fact been carefully selected in advance, and the role of the hardness-testing machine was simply to open doors for us.

Visits to the Ohio Crankshaft and Timken Axle factories were easily arranged. The Packard door didn't open so readily, but our hardness-testing friend, eager to please prospective customers, managed even that. He happened to know the Packard electroplating superintendent personally.

At the premises of Ohio Crankshaft, while on their way to the hardness-testing room, the Soviet delegation "accidentally" stumbled

over a curious contraption, the TOCCO machine. The chief electrical engineer of the Moscow ZIS plant, N. Lialin, asked innocently, "What's this?" Mr. Denneen, the inventor of the machine, proudly explained while his guests listened with bated breath.

"May we make a sketch, just out of curiosity?" Lialin asked. "We might consider buying it, and would like to explain the invention to our people."

"No need for sketches," Mr. Denneen replied, "we'll give you drawings and descriptive literature."

The Russians walked out of the plant around closing time with a glorious feeling of success. "Americans must be awfully stupid, giving away such secrets," one of them commented.

They were no less successful at the Timken factory in Detroit. The mechanics departed with their pockets bulging with drawings and operation charts of the axle spider. Of course, they had promised to order a lot of rear axles.

THIS PROCESS of snooping and stockpiling information went on for many months and took the ZIS people through scores of plants all over the United States. Endless quotations were received, and each manufacturer took the Russians to new places, bought their meals, paid their transportation, for all of which the Communists charged their

government full-scale expenses. Every quotation produced suitcases stuffed with blueprints, operation data, catalogues, sketches, and often photographs. In addition, the Russians struck up acquaintance with factory workers, invited them to hotels and squeezed out additional information.

All this loot was duly sorted, numbered, and filed; the notes and operation charts were bound together. By the time a member of the commission was ready to go home, he had a report on his special assignment prepared. A number of copies of all reports were made, one being left with the Soviet Embassy.

The TOCCO story is worth telling in more detail. The drawings handed the visitors turned out to be merely commercial, not working drawings; and the literature did not reveal many secrets, just sales talk. So visits to the Cleveland plant became epidemic, on all sorts of excuses. Again and again, dangling the promise of a big order, the Soviet electrical engineers inspected the machine. An entire office for study and research on the TOCCO process was set aside in Amtorg, where every scrap of information was studied.

"Now we shall build it ourselves!" Lialin boasted.

A year passed. The TOCCO machine was perfected and installed in all leading American automobile plants. Meantime, in Moscow, two university professors, Kantorovitch

and Livshitz, worked on the data submitted by Lialin and his associate, Rubanov. Finally the Soviet-made machine was ready. According to all calculations it should have been as good as the original, and Stalin himself, we were informed, came to witness the first test.

The stolen TOCCO machine did not work. It hissed and sputtered, hummed and opened the circuit breakers, but the crankshaft journals either remained soft or melted, freezing up the terminal nests. Thousands of additional tests were conducted and mountains of new formulas were provided by the university professors. But six months later the Amtorg again came to Mr. Denneen. Only this time the intentions were honorable.

A CABLE IN CODE was received one day from Moscow and, as usual, was sent to the Consulate for deciphering. The big bosses at Amtorg were nervous, and their fears were caught by the whole establishment. A coded message might mean grief to someone in political hot water. But the message turned out harmless enough. Late that afternoon the head of the ZIS group called me in.

"We need the White truck!" he announced.

This meant that Moscow had instructed Amtorg to obtain the working drawings, operational charts and specifications of materials for manufacture of the White truck. All the

data that had been collected, studied, and perfected by an American company through years of trial and error and at heavy cost the Russians were to obtain free, wrapped up in a neat package.

I wrote to the White Company in Cleveland, asking permission for a group of Russians to visit their plant "preliminary to placing a substantial order for trucks." I made it clear, of course, that the Russians would investigate every other make of American trucks and that it was to the company's interest therefore to take us into confidence on all the vital points about their product. The answer was swift and favorable.

Four days and five banquets after we arrived in Cleveland, eighteen Russian engineers with happy, smiling faces were discharged from shiny Buicks and Cadillacs at the railroad station by White Company chauffeurs. Each of our engineers carried a briefcase fat with copies of blueprints, charts, specifications. By order of the firm's president, the factory and its offices had been thrown wide open to us; engineers had been assigned to help us collate the information. Yes, the Soviets placed an order — for *one* truck. This was taken apart by Amtorg, and every part checked against the drawings: "Who knows, those American crooks might have cheated us!"

The same trick was tried on General Motors, but didn't come off so smoothly. The Amtorg crowd tried a

novel approach — offered to buy the entire tooling and all technical data of the Buick, but naturally would first have to inspect these projected purchases. General Motors refused to bite. It took Amtorg sixteen months of straight-faced lying and cheating plus the help of small machine tool manufacturers to collect a complete set of technical information on the Buick. The machine tool people, of course, were those who sold their products to G.M. and therefore had access to its shops.

The first Buick copy rolled off a ZIS assembly line on the eve of the November 7 holiday, and Molotov himself was on hand to ride this “Soviet achievement.” He never did. Despite the long and industrious Amtorg thievery, the imitation went only as far as the factory yard, then stalled. A furious Molotov was driven off in an American-made Buick. These occasional failures, however, did not halt the prodigious enterprise in industrial spying.

WE RECEIVED CABLES from Moscow continually, always instructions to “get” something that was plainly American property. “Find out complete method of making Textolite gears . . . Get details on construction of rear axle testing machine developed by Gleason Works of Rochester . . . Need exact method of heat-treating gears with allowance for scale . . . Find

out how to grind tappets. . . .” I remember these because they were in my division, but every other division was showered with similar orders, and together Amtorg “covered” nearly all of American industry.

The Continental-Diamond Fibre Company, makers of Textolite gears, at first received the Amtorg representatives with open arms. We were treated to a fine dinner, then met the president, the chief engineer, the sales and export managers. Our leader delivered a spiel: ZIS was making 50 cars and 350 trucks a day (truth: no cars, 76 trucks), which meant 120,000 timing gears a year, plus 40,000 spares, and the program would be doubled next year. . . . A vista of export orders to make American mouths water. But for all its cordiality, Continental-Diamond had sense enough not to let us into its factory. Moscow started a Textolite plant, and after two years’ work had only a great mass of shredded canvas and a mountain of defective gear blanks to show for it.

Westinghouse Electric, to which Amtorg turned for its Micarta process, proved impossible to crack. We went to Pittsburgh by appointment and were politely received, but firmly barred from the shops.

At the Gleason Works of Rochester some of the Amtorg snoopers espied a new fixture for testing rear axle gears. Because the machine, which had several motors, was

housed in a separate room, the Russians assumed it was top-secret and so reported to Moscow. When attempts to learn the facts bogged down, the project was abandoned. But Moscow's cupidity had been aroused and soon directives came through to get the Gleason machine at any cost. In the end we obtained full explanation of the construction of the machine, together with drawings and sketches.

AND THUS IT WENT — radiators, gaskets, carburetors, propeller shafts, etc. One episode sticks in my memory because I was myself unpleasantly involved. A big problem for the Soviets was the analysis of furnace gas. Once, walking through the plant of the Electric Furnace Company, in Salem, Ohio, an Amtorg engineer spied a small contraption with which the presence or absence of oxygen in the controlled atmosphere of a furnace was determined. Alas, the device was not for sale, the company sales engineer, Mr. Bechtel, informed us, because it was not yet considered perfected.

Now, Mr. Bechtel happened to be a personal friend of mine, and the fact was known to Amtorg. I was instructed to bribe my friend if necessary, and because I refused, was promptly accused of sabotage. The next time I saw Bechtel in New York I explained my dilemma. A week later he sent me the machine,

with an invoice marked "gratis."

It was after this episode that I went on a passive resistance strike. I was fed up with acting as a catspaw for the industrial espionage outfit. We were ordered to "get" the full dope on the entire heating equipment and heat-treating methods as practiced in an alloy steel mill. I applied to four furnace companies, and sure enough, one furnace company came through with a 49-page description of the Indiana Harbor Works Alloy Steel Mill. I tucked this away in my desk and advised my immediate boss, Smirnov, that it was impossible to obtain the information.

Another standard procedure in prying out secrets was to hire American "consultants" on specific problems. They were usually employed engineers ready to put in a few free hours for a good fee. These engineers brought along sketches of the automobile or airplane parts, jigs, fixtures, machines on which they worked in their respective plants. What Amtorg couldn't keep, it had copied or photographed.

So called "Government contacts" and "Manufacturers' representatives" — the kind who own a telephone and a calling card — also served Amtorg's purposes. Many of them had free access to vital American plants, and readily cooperated in supplying information from places where Amtorg itself could not penetrate. Aroused by the prospect of

commissions, these go-betweens turned over to the Soviets secret jigs, tools, and other items which they managed to filch from Ford, General Motors, Wright Aeronautic, and other "big boys."

ONE THING ALWAYS PUZZLED many Amtorg men engaged in industrial espionage: How did Moscow know of machines and processes about which we in New York had no inkling? Where did it get the tips which promoted their instructions? Clearly there were other agents at work, outside the Amtorg set-up.

How, for instance, had Comrade Serpkov become aware of an unusual development in the plant of the Hooven-Owen-Rentschler Company of Hamilton, Ohio? He called me in one day to advise me that this firm was testing a nine-cylinder submarine engine of a new kind, known as the "pancake" type. Somehow, he said, we must get the blueprints.

At that time this same Hooven-Owen-Rentschler Company was building a big press for us. That gave us the excuse to loiter on the premises. But the experimental submarine engine was not in sight, and Serpkov's assignment seemed hopeless. But just when our press was in order, and we were ready to depart, a high official of the company, out of a clear sky, suggested that we "look at a freak engine — a curious affair, you know." We did look at the engine but failed to get the blueprints.

Two weeks later Serpkov summoned me again. "You failed with the submarine engine," he said, a sardonic smile on his lips. "Yes, *you* failed, but *we* always succeed. Recognize this?" He pointed to a set of prints on his desk. It was, of course, the pancake engine.

He then turned to another subject: the Process of Low Temperature Reduction of Iron Ore. I would have to go to Detroit with the engineer Smirnov. An elaborate scheme had already been worked out for us. We would let it be known that Amtorg was hiring a lot of American specialists, and Smirnov and I ostensibly were to interview applicants in that connection. As a starter, Serpkov gave us three "contacts": Detroit names and addresses provided by the American Communist Party. "These three," he said, "will bring us the rest."

In a Detroit hotel, Smirnov called the three American Communists and instructed them to send us die-makers, tool designers, gear cutters, pattern makers, metallurgists, engineers and highly qualified factory workers from every branch of the automotive and aircraft industries. The bait would be the possibility of a well-paid job in Russia. To qualify, every candidate had to bring drawings of the parts on which he was working.

It was shocking to watch the parade of grown men, some of them holding responsible jobs, each leav-

ing with us a bundle of working drawings. Those that had to be returned were photostated. We spent a whole summer on this task. We interviewed over three hundred persons and collected nearly one thousand pounds of blueprints and operation charts from the shops of Ford, Chrysler, Packard, Michigan Tool, Excella, to mention just a few. But the jig-saw puzzle still had a lot of gaping holes.

At the end of the summer, however, one of the Communists brought us a student of metallurgy from Ann Arbor University, who was working as a diemaker in a Detroit plant. He had full access to the data on reduction of iron ore by the Madras process. Smirnov immediately promised the young man a contract as manager of a plant in Moscow where the Madras process would be developed. Three days later Smirnov left for New York, carrying a complete description of the process, photostated on seventy-five pages, including tables, graphs, curves, pictures of equipment. He even had samples of the iron in various stages of reduction.

"You stay on a few weeks and wind up the business," he said to me. "We don't want these idiots to write us about their jobs."

THE THEFT of industrial know-how was not the whole of Amtorg's job. To my own knowledge, it channeled funds — American funds,

sometimes in the form of commissions — to the American Communist Party and its official paper, the *Daily Worker*, but always from the tithe that the American employees of the Amtorg pay to the party, usually about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2% of each pay check. It served as a front and an operational center for spies from other segments of the Soviet government. It even dipped its hands into the sordid business of kidnapping, forcibly detaining, then spiriting out of the country Soviet Russians who, for one reason or another, had decided to remain in free America. Mostly, of course, the kidnapped persons were disillusioned Amtorg employees, or officials who had reason to fear liquidation if they returned home.

This foreign agency, making the most of the economic freedom and the urge to profit in America, is still in business, as I said at the outset. Presumably the chastened mood of the country now cramps Amtorg's style. What its ultimate fate will be remains to be seen. But already it has filched technological information that, in the aggregate, may be worth billions of dollars. For all their recent boasts, Russians are poor inventors. Their industrial progress rests on imitation of foreign achievements. Without a ready and continuous influx of American and other foreign machines and technical knowledge, Soviet industry would quickly become sterile.

a story



A DEAD BLUE BUS

henrietta weigel

HIS PALE PUDGY FACE seemed to float in sunlight, as if disconnected from his body, from his soiled shirt, too, open on top, exposing his young throat and the dark hair on his chest.

He watched the two young women walking, and he wanted to talk to them, to thrust himself between them. They looked happy on the broad New York street, in spite of its brick buildings and its gutters cluttered by trucks that appeared to be each a mile long, some even longer because they were painted red. The pavements felt as if they might melt right under your feet, and the sun beat up your eyeballs.

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The dames, he thought, maybe they were rich despite their simple shirts and blue jeans. They weren't cooped up in an office, for it was not yet noon, and not out for a quick coffee, either, wearing those clothes. During the big war, what they had on would have been O.K., but not now, when girls had gone back to having shapes again. And these two had shapes all right. The tall one — she had light brown hair and green eyes — was neat on top with wide hips, twice as wide as his. She was like a bottle with a thin neck, he thought, through which wine could pour, and make a funny gurgle gurgle sound as it worked its way out. Blood could come out that way too, red as red wine, but no doubt saltier, mixed as it must be, he knew, though he was no doctor, with bone and flesh and all the things

you ate and thought. Blood could be boiling with fever or with just plain heat or with a big anger or rotgut rye, or be cold with iced coffee or wintertime. He wondered what kind of wine-blood the tall girl was full of.

He was so busy with these thoughts, he got a real shock when the voice of the smaller one touched his ear.

"Can you please tell us where Church Street and Park Place is? There's some sort of restaurant around there that's good, we've heard."

HE KNEW THE PLACE she meant. He wanted to say they oughtn't to go in those clothes. It was a fancy joint. But he kept his mouth shut about that, and looked at the little one with his pale eyes and saw that she was sweating. On her, the sweat was pretty, though she wasn't as pretty as the tall girl. "Sure," he said, "sure thing. You go one block this way," he flung out his arm, "then turn a couple that way." He scratched his head, and the smell of his own perspiration came to him fresh, mixed with an odd earth smell coming from the women, as if any minute flowers might grow out of them. The perfume they use, even when wearing those clothes, he thought. The stinkery, his pal Wash, who'd been killed in the war, would've called it.

"How 'bout my showing you," he said, "how 'bout it?" His feet twitched. "I got lots o' time. Lots.

I drive a truck nights, and now I'm through. Got nothing to do."

He wasn't being funny or fresh, like he could see by their faces they thought. He just wanted to trot along beside them, prolonging having their company and pushing off the moment when he'd go all empty, though something stayed inside that only kept him from sleeping or waking. It was like a fever.

"Thanks," the taller one said politely, though she looked startled.

"We don't want to bother you," the little one said more firmly, "we'll get there all right." She put a thin hand on her girl friend's arm, and he noticed for the first time that the tall one was carrying a camera slung over her shoulder.

"It's no trouble, no trouble at all." He moved toward them, away from the blue truck. It was safe to leave it now, with these dames to talk to.

The tall one frowned, looking real bothered.

He sensed her hesitation, and the space between them got shorter. What he wanted he didn't know, beyond someone kind to tag along with, not just to talk to, but with whom he could be still, or even make sounds when he felt like it without being called crazy, like his father used to say he was.

Bastard, he thought, remembering him, wanting the old man to drop dead, though he was already dead.

The small one took over. "No thanks," she said, making no pretense of politeness this time. "We got lots of things to do, lots of talking, too."

Get along little dogey, get along . . . The song twanged his nerves as if they were the strings of a guitar.

"O.K., O.K.," he said, unable to keep the hurt out of his voice.

The small one was holding her friend by the elbow, propelling her along. Little shrimp, he thought, little bitch.

The tall one said: "We're going to eat at Kreutzer's and then buy seeds. We're going to plant a garden, though it's almost fall." She began to laugh and laugh, the flesh separating itself from her high cheekbones and shaking a little. He liked her. He liked her for telling him this, as if he were a friend. He felt she was trying to make all right the little one's *no-no-ing* him. He'd like to see the little one six feet under, and he'd print on the stone, "Miss No-No."

They trotted away, and he hung back, his feet restless to walk beside them. He shouted after them, hearing his voice as if it were that of a stranger, "There's a nigger near where you're going who sells seeds. He's awful cheap; if his boss's not around, he'll most likely give you the works for free."

They turned around, their faces flickering in the haze of heat.

"Thanks," the tall one shouted

back. "Thanks," said the small one, too.

THE STREET SEEMED STILL as he stared after their dwindling forms, despite the noisy printing shop nearby. When he could no longer see the girls, he looked at a store window filled with a mess of things, camera supplies, and hospital bottles, too pretty for anything but holding flowers, he had always thought when he was in the hospital during the war.

He turned away, wondering if the girls would go see the nigger and his face would light up so that even his black skin was rosy, as if he'd been taking tea or drinking fire. He wished he could drink, but he didn't like the burning feeling it gave to his tongue, and nothing ever happened afterwards to make it worth while. He just felt bad, and he often felt bad enough without fussing around with drinking.

Sometimes he got to thinking what he would do if he ever got to feeling real, real bad. He didn't know. He shut his eyes, remembering his rides in planes, and how the window would seem like a window in the sky, through which he could step and not fall, his legs getting long as a god's, letting him step back to the earth as if it were a lawn. His throat grew dry and tight with these thoughts, and then he remembered the girls again. How funny they'd look in that old-fashioned Kreutzer

restaurant, full of men with ticker tapes for hearts, some wearing badges full of numbers as if they were horses trained for a race. But they were only guys, working in the stock exchange, with no jockey or horse named Barfly between them.

His throat began relaxing, thinking of the German pancakes the girls might order. The Germans stank, but not those pancakes, big enough to dance on before they got rolled around some glass-like-looking jelly. He wondered if his mother, before she died when he was a kid, had ever made stuff that good.

HE THOUGHT about the tall girl's soft mouth biting into the pancakes, and wished he might have watched. He told himself there was no sense having such thoughts. Weren't all dames dirty? He remembered the strip-tease who had danced for the boys in the hospital. He didn't feel like a man, watching her wiggle her can, not able to come across, or thank her with dough. All that stuff about dames always mixed him up. It wasn't straight like when you bought or sold things across a counter. With women, he always felt he owed them something, though what it was he didn't know; or that they owed him a thing or two, and he didn't care for all that, not wanting to be beholden to anyone, or have anyone be to him.

He wondered if that strip-tease had been as important as Gypsy

Rose Lee. He'd not have minded chauffeuring for such a dame, instead of driving a dead blue bus. She'd be cute bossing him around, and there'd be maybe sixty or seventy bucks a week besides. Maybe he ought to find out her name, and write her a letter, saying, "Listen, lady, how would you like your back rubbed? I'm the swellest massager you ever did see. I learned in the Army, watching a starched nose do it to me."

The thought tickled him. He lighted a cigarette, wondering why he ever smoked, not really liking it.

Time ticked away noisily inside his head, making him think of a dripping faucet not letting him sleep at night. He ought to get some shut-eye. He could climb inside the truck where it was cool and black. But he didn't care to risk waking to those walls, like a dark world sitting on his eyes.

He'd rather remember the tall girl, who somehow had got all mixed up with that hospital strip-tease. He dug his nails into his palms, trying to test whether he was alive. He felt like a statue, stuck on this street that had been just a street until those girls came along to remind him of something he couldn't find. He looked at the lone tree on the curb, wanting to laugh out loud, seeing it stuck on the dirty stone street, like he was, making believe it was in the country with a pigeon on its branch, too fat for the skinny

limb. He was amazed that the branch didn't snap off, hurling the bird through the hot yellow air.

Was that the old fogey whose voice he was hearing, saying his truck was in the way of his dog taking a leak by his favorite hydrant? He was too tired to turn away from the tree, to shout back, though he didn't usually take insults sitting down.

He touched his cheek, feeling the scar no one could see, remembering the fight that gave it to him. He was seventeen — eleven years ago, but it seemed like a century — and he was winning until the other boy out in the dark had somehow got hold of a bottle and broken its top and dug the jagged edge into him. That he wasn't killed was luck, but he never forgot. It made him feel no good, though everyone told him, how could he have won against a bottle? That's what got him, you couldn't win against broken bottles, and guns, and against all the things that might be waiting for you anywhere, anywhere at all. You couldn't fight your way through the world with your fists alone. It was safer to fool around with machines. You could control them, but never a boy's hands holding a broken bottle, or the brains you were supposed to have.

He blinked at the poster ad not far away, about soap that saved you from stinking and your girl from running away with your best friend.

What a world, he thought, putting such words in such a pretty picture.

HE WAS TIRED all right, and for a moment remembered the feel of clean sheets, with himself between them, the thin sheets safer than steel, bringing him sleep and shutting out the world. But there were no sheets in the truck, and he was too tired to go where there was a bed with some. It was easier to stay here, and look down the street again. He was surprised to see that the girls were coming back. They didn't notice him, seeming hypnotized by each other, speaking words he couldn't hear.

Yappity, yappity, yap, he wanted to shout, furious they weren't talking to him. He walked over to them fast, eyeing the neat brown parcels hanging from their wrists. Seeds, he thought, and probably flower boxes. He wondered whether they'd eaten pancakes.

The small one's parcel almost touched the ground, and though he didn't give two cents for her, he offered to carry her package.

"No, no thanks." She clutched it firmly, her wrist looking thin enough to crack from holding something so heavy. She was frightened, he noticed, and an unfamiliar pity touched him.

"O.K., O.K." He smiled, though he felt sad.

"How about yours?" His hand moved toward the tall girl.

"No thanks," she said, resembling a clumsy kid, he thought.

"Well, I'll walk along then," he said, "a half block or so. I've got nothing to do. Not a thing. I used to work for Jeannie Flag. You've heard of her, haven't you? She's one of the best, good as Gypsy Rose. She liked to have men work for her, to give her massages and paint her toenails. I used to chauffeur for her." He was enjoying the wonder on their faces. Even the small one was hanging back with listening.

"She was awful nice to women, awful nice," he continued, the story becoming real to himself as he talked. "But she was mean as can be to men. She didn't like me to answer back, even if I was right. She hit me once for talking back."

"You mean you let her!" The tall one's husky voice grew thin. "She was probably just fooling," she added.

HE SHRUGGED. "She was paying me, wasn't she? For seventy or eighty a week, I could stand a little beating. Anyway, she was cute. I didn't mind. It wasn't like a guy trying to bruise me. She was darn cute mad. I don't know why she was good to dames. Believe me, they weren't to her. Once I drove her to some magazine. The guys were great who took her picture . . . But the women! They wouldn't look at her. Not one. You felt she was trying to make up to them, to

ask them not to mind her showing off what they all had, for giving away their little secret."

The eyes of the girls were wide with listening. Their attention made him feel good. He felt like Pop-Eye, the Sailor, after he'd eaten a lot of spinach. All the movies he'd seen and the words he had heard danced in his head.

"I was a kid when I worked for her. I was only about nineteen. It was before the war and everything."

"Why aren't you working for her now?" the small one asked. "Why aren't you, if you like being bullied so much? You're a veteran, aren't you? She would do her duty, I'm sure, and have you back." Her voice was angry. He blinked as if just waking, and he felt he had butterflies in his belly as he watched her shake her friend's elbow.

"She travels around a lot," he said, "so it's not steady, working for her. I need something steady."

"You mean she had you do personal things for her, things that a maid would do." The tall one was staring at him as if he were a puzzle.

"Sure, sure," he said.

He suddenly felt very tired, as he had before they came back. What he was trying to keep dangling between himself and the girls was fading. He couldn't see it, with the sun beating down and hurting his eyes.

"Listen," he said, "listen," as they began moving. "Maybe there's something I can do for you. You

never can tell. Something you need a strong man to do. I've got gold in me." He began to laugh. "I mean when I was in the war, I got hurt, and the doc said he'd put some gold in me."

The small one looked frightened again. The tall one seemed dazed, as if drunk.

"Goodbye," she said, as the small one tugged at her.

"Listen," he said, his voice hysterical with trying to keep them. "Listen to me. I didn't mean to be fresh. I didn't. It's just that I've nothing to do, no place to go. I just wanted to kill time."

"I know," the tall one said, her voice soft as a caress. "I know you just wanted to help us."

The small one said, "Maybe you want some money. Maybe you don't drive a truck at all. Maybe you want us to give you some money." Her voice was mean.

A POLICEMAN was crossing the street, and he felt terror, sure the small one would tell on him, would say he'd been bothering them. He shut his eyes, and he felt as though he were backstage again, where he had once been, briefly, a carpenter. He imagined the hand of the prop man moving out holding a gun, small and black, and the explosion of sound as it went off. But the gun was real, they couldn't fool him.

No one could fool him. That's

why he had left that job. You never knew when the gun onstage would stick, and the prop man would have to cover by using his, would fix the gun with some real bullets, and turn it on him.

His face felt as if it were melting with heat and hate, and he clapped his hand across his eyes, staring at the small girl through the bars of his fingers. She sure was like a gun, even dark and everything, like the gun of that prop man he had hated.

He forgot the tall one in hating the small girl. He'd beat her to it. He'd explain to the policeman before she had a chance to complain, to shoot off her mouth.

He rushed over to the cop, and the girls stopped walking. They were watching, and he felt good again with their eyes on him.

"Listen officer," he said. "Listen. Don't believe a word she tells you." He jerked his thumb toward the small one.

The policeman was young and tired. He looked hot in his uniform, and even scared. "What's all this about anyway, Bub," he said. "What's the trouble anyway?" He turned to the girls.

"Why nothing's the matter," the girls said together. The small one added: "He's probably gone crazy with the heat."

"I don't let people get away with calling me names," he said. "I don't, but I'll let it go this time, this once. Better be careful who you insult."

"Get going," the cop said to him, ignoring his speech. "It's too hot, brother, too hot to go crazy today."

He wanted to warn the policeman that the small girl was really a gun likely to go off any minute, but his voice was like something stuck in his throat — it wouldn't come up or go down.

The girls started walking again. Even the tall one's not my friend, he thought, tears stinging his lids. The cop was moving away too. Suddenly he hated the tall one too. She had fooled him, acting nice, and all the time carrying a gun dressed like a dame.

HE BEGAN WALKING toward his truck, his back stiff, shoulders high, wishing he were moving toward a plane instead of something that crawled on the ground. His agony grew big and strong in his back, waiting to be shot at. Yet his fear was touched by ecstasy, as he climbed into the driver's seat of the truck. He was going to show them. He was going to show that gun-girl who was a liar, telling him he was no driver.

He'd drive fast fast, away from the gun and the heat, like he was flying. He'd make that truck behave like a plane, like a bird. Now he heard the roar of the nearby presses, in the sound of the motor as he started driving. The sun seemed like a blindfold across his eyes. He could smell the stink of gasoline, and then

he saw himself walking in front of the truck. Look out, he shouted to himself, seeing his shadow stretch out long and dark on the bright street.

"Look out, you fool, don't you know I'm going to run you down."

The wind was hot and seemed to burn away his words, yet he heard the voice of himself standing before the truck calling back: "Run me down, you hero. See if I care . . ."

For a moment, he leaned out of the cab of the truck, looking high up, at a window red with sun, wishing he were that high up, looking down. But he had no time to fool around with wishing, with the wheel under his hands feeling unreal, like nothing, with himself there in front of the truck, waiting to be knocked down.

He was two people now, one driving, and the other dancing in front of the truck. From the corner of his eye, he glimpsed the girls, looking like traffic lights signalling him to stop. But he didn't even have time for them, or for worrying if that gun would go off. He swerved fast, to avoid hitting himself, cursing himself for blocking his way, for not letting him fly. As the big truck turned over with a crashing sound, pinning him down and blotting out his thoughts, he had time fleetingly to see the girls looking, and to hear them scream, and he didn't mind blacking out with their eyes on him again.

The Tongs of San Francisco

ROBERT PATTERSON

IF you live in a big city, the chances are that you overestimate the number of people of Chinese extraction living in this country. Altogether they number about 150,000 at the maximum, and they are concentrated in the urban centers. The greatest single colony is, of course, in San Francisco, which is still known to the Chinese as "number one city" or "Kum Shan" (the golden hill), so called because of its identification with the gold mines in which so many of their forbears toiled.

Chinese-Americans, even of the third or fourth generation, who speak nothing but good, college-

trained English, find it difficult to obtain residence elsewhere, so that the oriental section of San Francisco remains pretty stable ethnically. But culturally the old Chinatown has all but disappeared. It is on the way out, that miniature Sax Rohmer world of picturesque streets studded by lichee nut and pickled ginger stands where satin-jacketed men sluffed along as if they still wore slippers. Gone are most of the odorous fish markets with slimy blue-gray squid dangling from hooks in the windows. Gone are all but a few of the trim little women in embroidered Peking gowns with knee-high slits.

To the dismay of atmosphere-vending novelists and feature editions, to the sorrow of color-seeking tourists and the Chamber of Commerce, San Francisco's Chinatown has gone heavily modern, succumbed

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to the leveling influence of neon, chromium, and glass brick. Its architects have recaptured "Chinese modern" decor from those who borrowed the idea from them to begin with. Its people have yielded to the temptations of bop music, classy-kut clothes, frozen vegetables, and the Western passion for keeping up with the Joneses. Almond-eyed girls who used to lacquer their tresses with the brew of bamboo shavings now have recourse to Toni permanents. Yellow-gold-and-jade pendants have been replaced by Phi Beta keys. Instead of the earthy, grinning god that once dominated the parlor, there now squats a big, resplendent 18-inch-screen television set.

These innovations are, naturally, cause for much self-congratulation to the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, the Young Democrats of Chinatown, and the benevolent elders of the Chinese Six Companies, all of whom profess to believe that these external changes are symbols of great moral reform. They like to think that the modernization of Chinatown has been accompanied by the disappearance of "happy mud" (opium), gambling, vice, and the intricate, often deadly, machinations of the tongs. And while it is true there has been a change, it is not in the direction of a lessening of these evils. They have merely been placed on a more modern, business-like footing. Parallel to developments in other areas of America, the

picturesque iniquities of the old-style Chinatown bad men have yielded not to the forces of civic uplift, but to the superior methods of organized crime.

THE EVOLUTION of the tongs is a weird and fascinating chapter in the history of minority groups in America. The word "tong" originally meant nothing more sinister than "protective society." They were unknown in China and sprang into prominence as the result of the difficulties encountered by early Chinese settlers in California. These harassed individuals discovered that they needed some sort of agency to protect them from the white man's penchant for swindling them out of their gold, throwing them into the clink with little provocation, and otherwise interfering with their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. The tongs turned out to be successful intermediaries. Shortly afterwards the Chinese turned to them to perform equally necessary intramural functions.

Since the Chinese did not feel at home in an American law court, they applied to the tongs for the settlement of disputes and the collection of debts. As much as possible the tong leaders tried to arbitrate these quarrels. In certain extreme and vexatious cases, however, their wisdom proved inadequate. It was then deemed necessary to call in the services of the tong's "highbinder"

or "hatchetman," who frequently resolved the mind of the recalcitrant party by impregnating it with some four inches of axe-blade.

It was out of the more knotty, internal problems of Chinatown that the so-called tong wars developed. Sing Lee, let us say, stole Ah Fook's wife — a common cause of discord, since, as a result of the immigration ban, Chinese males in this country outnumber the females four to one. Sing went to his tong, which promptly took the matter up with the tong of Ah Fook. If Ah Fook refused to give up the girl or pay a reasonable indemnity, negotiations broke down. Before long, it became a matter of organizational honor, and highbinders from both outfits were dodging in and out of dark doorways emptying their guns in each other. Since this kind of random, horse-opera violence has vanished, people assume that tongs have gone out with the pigtail. However, although drastically altered, they are still very much alive.

During the early twenties, the strong tongs of California — with collaterally powerful outposts in Chicago, Detroit, New York, and other centers — were the Hip Sings, the On Leongs, the Bing Kungs, and the Suey Sings. Of them all the On Leong group was top dog. Its young men were beginning to carry out a reorganization along lines similar to the transformation of the Unione Siciliano by Luciano, who

drove out the "mustache Petes" (old-style immigrant leaders) before expanding its activities. The tongs had likewise been run by a small conservative group of old-style leaders who displayed a great deal of sagacity in matters purely Chinese but were relatively inept in external affairs. Overnight, they were replaced. The new bosses were younger, better groomed and barbered, and better equipped to deal with the complexities of American life. Many of them were college graduates who spoke excellent English and were able to negotiate with white men on a basis of equality. They never expected to return to China, even in a pinewood box, as did most of their parents. They drove high-powered cars, enjoyed the American standard of living, and were very anxious to emulate the white brethren who were squeezing juicy revenues out of bootlegging, vice, narcotics, and other rackets. So they retooled the tongs for bigger and better adventures.

THE ON LEONG organization became a nationwide narcotics network, wholesaling to the white trade and retailing to the Orientals. The On Leongs had the connections and technic to make this a most profitable pastime. They then turned to "yellow-birding," the business of accommodating the army of Chinese who sought to enter the country illegally. New enterprises beckoned,

some as branches of these activities, others through the connections and acumen they obtained. By the early thirties, the On Leongs were a substantial counterpart of the Unione Siciliano which ultimately spawned the famous "Syndicate."

But the On Leong high command made a couple of strategic errors. They extended themselves right into the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, which went to work in a most determined fashion. In one of the most successful mass campaigns ever carried on by a coalition of government enforcement agencies (Justice, Treasury, and Immigration departments) the entire On Leong top brass was routed to various Federal penitentiaries. The leaderless, demoralized On Leongs dropped to an insignificant position. The episode served as a sharp warning to the other tongs, who promptly adjusted their operations. They eschewed interstate chicanery, left yellow-birding to indigent fliers, and bequeathed their share of the narcotics racket to the burgeoning Syndicate. Finding themselves uniquely placed, they developed a unique, million-dollar racket of their own, one that kept them out of the white man's hair and jails — except for the rare mishap that is the reasonable hazard of those who cut legal corners. They put vice on a chainstore basis and ran it for a maximum of profit with a minimum of risk. Their present operation is

the last word in modernity — as, for that matter, are the new-style tong tycoons.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of these executives is Mr. Louie Toy, who has the high honor of being head of the Suey Sing Tong. Mr. Toy bears not the faintest resemblance to the glum, sinister oriental of fiction. Bright-eyed, self-assured, and as voluble as a disk-jockey, Mr. Toy hastens to ingratiate himself with San Francisco's élite and show them every courtesy. He is readily available for contributions to the better charities and political campaign-chests. Visiting dignitaries always find him in the forefront of the welcoming committee. He figures in the San Francisco press largely as a businessman, political leader, and patron of the arts. Among his properties are a large radio and TV store, a restaurant, and a Chinese newspaper. His Chinese art treasures are in great demand and are constantly being lent to the better museums, including New York's staid Metropolitan.

At the same time, as head of the Suey Sings, he is the managing director of its vast vice empire. In that identity, he is known far and wide as Tommy Toy or Tommy Juey and has a very different reputation, indeed.

I first met Mr. Toy-Juey after having called public attention to the fact that he was a very successful

gambling mogul in a newspaper article complete with speculations as to his probable income, political connections, and longevity. Mr. Juey was hurt, for he has a sensitive nature and does not like publicity that is not devoted to his philanthropies, civic ardor, and aesthetic proclivities. He dropped in to see me at the newspaper office carrying a bulging scrapbook attesting to his good deeds. Later on he showed me through his various commercial establishments and had me served an excellent dinner in his modernistic restaurant.

Shortly afterwards I paid him a visit at the Chinese Hospital. He was undergoing repairs for some perforations suffered at the hands of a dissatisfied client of one of the Suey Sing gambling establishments. Our relationship became a little more realistic. We didn't discuss the state of the Boy Scout movement in Chinatown. Mr. Toy expressed great sorrow for the misguided gambler who had gunned him. He was particularly grieved by the fact that he was no longer extant, his assistants having shot the man to death before he could really get an accurate bead on the Suey Sing boss.

Not long afterwards I met Mr. Toy again in the elaborate office above his restaurant. Fluorescent tubing cast a tasteful illumination on some choice pre-Christian terracottas set in the bleached oak paneling. A Brahms concerto played

quietly as we talked. Now, his wounds almost healed and his limp gone, Mr. Suey was no longer realistic and candid. He was once more a businessman and civic leader. He ignored my question about a possible manslaughter prosecution and showed me a letter from the curator of a large midwestern museum asking him to let them exhibit some of his Chow Dynasty snuff bottles. It made him very happy to comply, he said.

IN TIME, and with the help of information from local law enforcement people, I managed to put together a picture of the Suey Sing operation. It seems that the Western and Northwestern states are dotted with farm labor communities in which nearly all the work is done by colonies of Chinese, Filipinos, and other people of exotic extraction. These men have an extremely limited social and recreational life. They work from dawn to dark, wolf down a bowlful of rice and perhaps meat, and then hit the sack. They have no female companions and they don't drink. Movies, sports, and comic strips leave them cold. For this army of aliens, there just isn't much in the way of fun — which is where Mr. Toy and his colleagues step in.

When payday arrives, these laborers stow their greenbacks in their money-belt and head en masse for one of the gambling houses run by the Suey Sings or the other tongs.

There is a handy branch at every focal point, and they offer additional pleasures besides those of chance. Women, for one thing, many of them young and quite attractive. Opium, of course, in copious quantities. Good food and sleeping accommodations. And then, naturally, there are tables for fan-tan, blackjack, and pai-giu, as well as a lottery that is run off once hourly throughout the day. The idea, of course, is to keep the customer inside the portals until all his money is gone, his appetites are sated, and he is ready for the lettuce fields again.

IN A WAY, these tong dens perform a service. The hard-working laborer finds no particular satisfaction in gazing upon Jane Wyman at the local movie, playing the pin-ball machine at the Idle Hour pool-hall, or being bounced about by the natives for looking twice at a nicely shaped female. So he heads joyfully for the nearest tong emporium, submits to being frisked for weapons (violence is frowned upon in the tong establishments), and proceeds to amuse himself for the next two to four days depending on the size of his wad and his luck. He drops a few dollars at fan-tan, saunters over to the chow table and stuffs himself with pork, water chestnuts, abelone and noodles, while he listens carefully to the lottery announcements. Now, perhaps, he is ready for a woman. The manager shows him to a

section where bevvies of well-turned-out females await his pleasure.

Afterwards, he may decide to sleep for awhile, probably aided by the nepenthe that comes in the five-*tael* can with the rooster embossed on top. When the vapors are snored away, he heads for the *pai-giu* table and loses a little more of his hard-earned cash. The cycle is repeated till he is cleaned out and heads back to earn another stake. He usually feels he has had his money's worth. There is always more lettuce to be picked. Next time maybe he'll be lucky and hit a five combination on the lottery. Then he will take his winnings and aim to make a real killing in one of the bigger, urban gambling houses.

Such, roughly, are the workings of a typical Suey Sing establishment. Multiply it by fifty serving about fifty thousand customers, each one of whom brings along his weekly wage almost intact, and you get some idea of the magnitude of one tong's take.

It was Louie Toy who brought the necessary elements of imagination and organization into this business. He expanded the empire, exploring hitherto unexploited areas for good locations. Louie also came up with the bright idea of rotating the personnel of the establishments, thus eliminating a great deal of friction. In this way, the local people, and especially the authorities, can not become too familiar with the

faces of his dealers, women, and overseers, who remain only a few weeks in each town. Thus, a girl or dealer who worked in Salinas one month will be in Bakersfield the next, and then go on to Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, and finally wind up in the deluxe branch in Seattle.

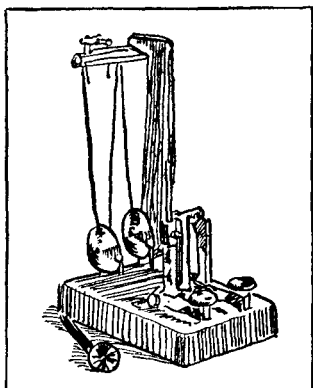
Louie also decided, with commendable restraint, that opium should be vended as a convenience, at no particular profit, in the same way that A & P stores feature sugar as a "loss-leader" during weekend sales. And no happy mud was to be sold as package-goods to be taken off the premises.

Though Louie devised the package deal in vice (gambling, dope, and women all in one package), he was convinced that gambling was the *raison d'être* for the entire operation. The girls were an accommodation — profitable, but not a major industry. The opium helped take care of the overhead, but was chiefly another way of making sure the customers didn't stray off the premises until they were eligible for departure (i.e., broke). Toy never lost sight of the fact that the greatest profit ratio with the least difficulty lay in gambling. Out of every thousand dollars played across the tables, eight hundred stayed with the house.

A few other of Louie's imaginative and practical inventions seem worthy of mention. Television

sets were installed in each establishment chiefly for the convenience of local enforcement officers. Thus if they were embarrassed into making a raid, they inevitably found several hundred Chinese earnestly contemplating "One Man's Family" or "Howdy Doody." He also set up such useful services as mail deliveries on a permanent basis and a loan and pawn-brokerage system for distressed clients. And not the least important of his devices was a system of surveillance and espionage among the agrarian colonies which has proved extremely successful in forecasting and dealing with trouble from the difficult individuals often encountered in unlawful fields of endeavor.

THUS, it is clear, the forces of progress are at work everywhere in our society. Even the unassimilable Chinese, with traditions based on one of the oldest cultures in the world, have forsaken the picturesque ways of their ancestors for the glittering, efficient methods of modern industry and politics. Without the benefit of propaganda, with very little expenditure of Federal moneys, Chinatown has sloughed off the past and is marching happily along in the ranks of modernity. True reform, as the foregoing should make plain, can never be imposed on people. It has to spring from within, helped along, of course, by such pioneers as Mr. Toy.



Opinions

from

the Chronoscope

From the most popular "information" program on television — Longines Chronoscope — THE MERCURY brings its readers each month a few carefully selected opinions. The program is televised each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 11 p.m. Eastern Standard Time by CBS (Channel 4). William Bradford Huie, THE MERCURY's editor, conducts the discussions on these programs, which feature outstanding national and international figures along with a guest editor. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editor or sponsor.

Senator Smathers on Truman and Eisenhower

MR. HUIE: How would you assess President Truman's popularity in Florida today?

SENATOR SMATHERS: I was in Florida last week, and I saw the results of over a hundred polls that had been sent out to people in north Florida. The question on that poll was: Would you vote for the reelection of President Truman? Of over a thousand answers there were only four that said they would vote for the reelection of Mr. Truman. So I think it would be safe to say that that was rather

indicative of my experience all over Florida recently and that his stock is at present at a low ebb.

MR. DONALD I. ROGERS: If General Eisenhower should run on the Republican ticket, would he have a pretty good chance of receiving the support of Floridians?

SENATOR SMATHERS: Of course, Mr. Rogers, we in the South are hoping that the General will see fit to run on the Democratic ticket, but if he should see fit to run on the Republican ticket, it is my humble judgment that he would carry most of the southern states.

By

SENATOR GEORGE A. SMATHERS

BRIG. GEN. KENNETH C. ROYALL

THE HON. DEAN RUSK

DR. WALTER JUDD (REP. MINN.)

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

I do believe he would carry Florida.

MR. ROGERS: Would that be a Dixiecrat movement or just a movement away from the Democratic Party?

SENATOR SMATHERS: That would be a movement that would reflect on the part of the people a desire to see Mr. Eisenhower President, and you might say a desire for a change.

MR. HUIE: In the event Senator Taft is the Republican nominee, do you think Senator Taft can carry a number of southern states?

SENATOR SMATHERS: I think that Senator Taft would not run as good a chance as General Eisenhower or a number of other Republican candidates I can think of. As a matter of fact it is my opinion that if Taft is the Republican nominee and Truman is the Democratic nominee, the

South will stay in the Democratic column.

Brigadier General Royall on the Fair Deal and Spending

MR. HUIE: You are a Democrat and I believe you campaigned strenuously for President Truman in 1948. Now, as an American citizen and a thoughtful one, are you concerned about the fact that our government seems to be getting bigger and bigger each year?

GENERAL ROYALL: I am, sir. I am worried about the financial aspects, and I am worried about the administrative aspects and their chaperonage of the people.

MR. HENRY HAZLITT: What do you think can be done, General, to cut expenditures?

GENERAL ROYALL: I believe in general that Congress should exercise its constitutional duty of supervising expenditures more closely

and more accurately than they do today.

MR. HUIE: In your concern over our government's getting bigger and bigger, do you see certain danger signals developing? For instance, are you concerned over savings in the country, over life insurance policies and their value?

GENERAL ROYALL: I am very much concerned. I think one of the essences of the capitalist system is the desire to earn and save and acquire property. If you find that savings are being reduced in actual value, you are seeing the first signs of a very real danger from inflation and excessive expenditure.

MR. HAZLITT: Do you think government spending is one of the main causes of this dangerous situation?

MR. ROYALL: I think it is one of the prime causes of it.

Mr. Rusk on a cease-fire in Korea

MR. HUIE: Mr. Rusk, I believe you have just returned from a fast trip to Japan and Korea, and I wonder if you could tell us what the possibilities are for a cease-fire in Korea?

MR. RUSK: I think it is fair to say the prospects for a cease-fire are better than they have been at any time since the talks started. But I would like to caution that there still are some very serious and formidable points to be

agreed, and I would not like to predict that we are going to see an early cease-fire in Korea.

MR. PETER KIHSS: Have you any good reasons to believe that the Communists would agree to any inspection behind their lines in Korea — something that would really guard against a new aggression?

MR. RUSK: We don't know yet, but that is what the negotiations are about at the present time. We feel that an inspection to assure against the resumption of hostilities is a reasonable point to include in the cease-fire.

MR. HUIE: Are you predicting that there is anything optimistic in Korea, or are you cautioning our people to expect the worst perhaps?

MR. RUSK: I think we have to play this as it comes. We are trying to find out whether there can be established a cease-fire on terms that are reasonable and acceptable. Now if the other side can meet those terms, there will be a cease-fire. But we should not be foolishly optimistic and think that what remains to be done is easy, for there are two or three points to be covered in the negotiations.

MR. KIHSS: Have you any good reason why the Communists would want a cease-fire in Korea?

MR. RUSK: I think there are many reasons why the Communists might want a cease-fire. The Ko-

rean war has been costly to them in prestige and confidence and in building up the coalition of the great world against them, and they have lost great influence in Asia. They have succeeded in putting this country on the alert and have started a great mobilization process here. They have warned western Europe that the course of action on which they are embarked needs to be resisted by organized effort. There are very great costs to the Communists in this enterprise in Korea.

MR. KIHSS: Aren't there some pretty big costs to the West as well?

MR. RUSK: Yes, there are costs, and I don't think any of us feel that decisions whether you fight are to be lightly taken. But we strongly feel that the costs of resisting aggression in Korea are far less than of not resisting — in lives, materiel, and in our own security here at home.

MR. KIHSS: What do you think is the strength of the Chinese Communist government? What of the hold it has got on its people? Is there any opposition in Communist China?

MR. RUSK: I think during the last year and a half the Peiping regime has been able to consolidate its control over the key centers of communication and principal cities of China, and the very vigorous and persistent purge

through which they have driven non-Communist elements has been effective. We find that only in the remote areas and in a somewhat minimum way is there any active resistance.

Dr. Judd on Korea and U. S. China Policy

MR. HUIE: Last week the Assistant Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, stated on this program that we would probably have an extension of the war in the Orient. Do you think there will be an extension?

DR. JUDD: I have been convinced from the beginning that there would be an extension of the war unless the U.N. forces succeeded in winning it and succeeded in demonstrating to the people in Asia that the Communists could be defeated and would be defeated.

MR. HAZLITT: How did we get into this war in Korea? Wasn't one of the major steps the willingness of Churchill and President Roosevelt at Yalta to turn over Manchurian ports and railways to Stalin?

DR. JUDD: There's no question about that. The Chinese fought eight years against Japan to hang onto Manchuria. If they had been willing to let Manchuria go, they wouldn't have had a war with Japan. Manchuria is where the coal and iron are. They can't industrialize, they can't raise the

standards of living of their people except by having and developing Manchuria. So when at Yalta our government gave control of the ports and railroads of Manchuria — which means control of Manchuria as with the Ruhr in Europe — to Russia, it made it impossible for the Chinese Government. If that government had been five times better than it was, it couldn't have made it under those circumstances.

We miscalculated right straight down the line. The basic reason, I think, was an agreement made at the first Quebec Conference, where it was decided that every effort must be made to obtain the friendship of the Soviet Union. Now we wanted friendship, but she didn't want friendship. We wouldn't read her scriptures, we wouldn't read her documents. Their dedication was to conquest, victory. Ours was to peace. The other miscalculation at that Quebec Conference was that *every* effort must be made. Now I think every honorable effort ought to be made, but not every dishonorable effort, where we take an ally, Poland, to whom we made commitments, and give half of it to the enemy, and take an ally, China, who has been loyal to us whatever its other weaknesses, and give control of its strategic area, Manchuria, to its mortal enemy.

MR. HAZLITT: How would you characterize our Far Eastern foreign policy?

DR. JUDD: Our foreign policy was based on the belief that we could win the friendship of the Kremlin by sacrificing our allies, we could woo our enemies by betraying our friends. And now our policy, since that other one has failed, is devoted to trying to explain why we couldn't win instead of finding means by which we could win. And I hope we will turn over a new leaf and get our policy in the hands of people who can think about the future instead of the past.

Major Seversky on Korea and air power

MR. HUIE: What do you regard as our most serious error in Korea today?

MAJOR SEVERSKY: Our most serious error in Korea is that we have fallen into the Russian trap, because Russia knows that it can never win a war against America unless it will disperse our manpower all over the face of the earth and undermine our economy.

MR. HUIE: You don't think the Russians were surprised when we resisted in Korea?

MAJOR SEVERSKY: Not at all. They have taken full advantage of our untenable political position over there, and they left us no choice short of a full-scale war except to

lose our face or to fall on our face, and we have chosen the latter.

MR. DONALD I. ROGERS: I take it, Major, you think we should change our strategy in Korea.

MAJOR SEVERSKY: Absolutely. Every military man agrees that no one in his right mind would put ground forces in China, and Korea is an extension of China. We can never win ground warfare in China.

MR. HUIE: Our first error, then, in your opinion was sending ground troops into Korea.

MAJOR SEVERSKY: Exactly. We should have applied our sea and air power. We should have established an air siege over Korea and made it untenable for the Communists so they could not reap the benefit of their aggression.

MR. ROGERS: Major, I recall reading in the newspapers about two weeks ago that our aircraft program is tragically behind schedule. Don't you suppose we are using ground troops because we haven't the air power?

MAJOR SEVERSKY: In modern warfare if you don't have air power your ground troops will be destroyed. We went into Korea with a balanced forces idea, and as usual it deteriorated into ground warfare, and our air and sea forces have a big job of protecting our ground forces.

MR. ROGERS: But, industrially speaking, we can't produce the strategic aircraft we need. America can't.

MAJOR SEVERSKY: Eventually we can, provided we decide that the command of the air and air strategy is the backbone of our overall strategy. Until we acquire the strength we'd better pull out our forces and occupy the position we can defend.

MR. HUIE: Are we unable to implement now what General MacArthur wanted to do, namely, a large-scale bombardment of Manchurian fields?

MAJOR SEVERSKY: At the time General MacArthur recommended it, we could have done it, but since then we have given the enemy plenty of time to accumulate tremendous force, particularly in the air. Today, with the size of the air force we have in the Orient, our losses would be prohibitive if we tried to bombard Manchuria.

MR. HUIE: Do you think, then, we should fall back on our island positions?

MAJOR SEVERSKY: Absolutely.

MR. ROGERS: Withdraw entirely from Korea?

MAJOR SEVERSKY: Not immediately, but we ought to lengthen the enemy's line of communications and transfer the struggle from the surface of the earth into the air.

MR. ROGERS: All this presupposes that Russia will not attack, that

Russia is not contemplating World War III at this time.

MAJOR SEVERSKY: I am sure Russia is contemplating World War III because Russia is bent on aggression. But Russia will never strike if it is not ready, and if it is ready, it will not look for any provocation or excuses, it will attack. We had better go our own way and not worry about what Russia is going to do.

**Mr. Hays on
Senator McCarthy**

MR. HUIE: We had Senator McCarthy on this program a few weeks ago, and our audience had his views. Now what is your general appraisal of Senator McCarthy and his works?

MR. HAYS: I think he is the most dangerous man in the United States. I think Senator McCarthy is more dangerous to freedom in the United States than all the Communists we have in this country.

MR. VICTOR RIESEL: Do you think, Mr. Hays, there are Communists in the State Department? Have they infiltrated our government?

MR. HAYS: I don't think for a moment they have begun to infiltrate the government. I think there may be a few Communists in the State Department, but they don't do nearly as much harm as the suspicion stirred up against the whole State Depart-

ment by a man like McCarthy and his ilk and his followers.

MR. RIESEL: What specific harm do you think Senator McCarthy has done?

MR. HAYS: Well, I think when you smear a man like Owen Lattimore and Philip Jessup — Jessup, who has done a great job for the United Nations — and when you throw suspicion on men who have been in government service for years and make people doubt their own State Department, you do a great deal of harm because you stir up hate and suspicion and fear all over the United States.

MR. HUIE: Do you think there is any ground for suspicion and fear among the people of the United States?

MR. HAYS: No reasonable ground. And I think no man should be deprived of his reputation and standing without a fair trial and a judgment according to Anglo-Saxon methods and not by the ravings of McCarthy, even though he has Congressional immunity.

MR. HUIE: But don't you think that the American people have some reason to suspect a State Department that harbors a Hiss or harbors people that are known to be subversive and to be agents of foreign powers?

MR. HAYS: I don't think the American people have any sound reason to suspect *our* State Department at present.



Remarque's

New

Novel

BELOW INHUMANITY

VLADIMIR PETROV

TO ONE WHO WANTS TO LEARN
Or be reminded of basic things
Remarque offers an opportunity in
his new novel, *Spark of Life* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. \$3.75. 375
pages.). The great humanist makes
his readers realize once more, personally and acutely, the utterly brutish, the worse than inhuman depths to which human beings can descend.

Vladimir Petrov, an instructor in Russian at Yale University, spent six years, from 1939 to 1945, in Kolyma, the northernmost, gold-mining camp of Stalin's Russia. He has published two books in English, Soviet Gold and My Retreat from Russia.

Remarque's story develops in a concentration camp in central Germany during the last months of World War Two — the spring of 1945. The events, the characters are fiction, but the whole background, the camp itself, is true, and true to a degree that outdoes the most detailed and accurate reporting. It is true of the worst that Nazi Germany was able to produce. This "background" is really the "hero" or, more exactly, the protagonist of Remarque's story. The whole carefully worked-out system for human destruction is constantly present, and acts on its victims — the SS men and prisoners alike — with a

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dread inexorableness. At no point throughout the book is the reader permitted to forget the terrifying presence of the most brutal extermination of human beings known to history. There are times when some readers, the most delicate and the most knowing, will perhaps find it unbearable. The misery of the individual characters is too limitless, the numbers of those tortured and killed too astronomical. To the rest the book will be absorbing reading, with violently tense moments, though it will not be pleasant. Few will be able to put it down. Its awful and honestly imagined truth makes you go on reading. You would feel guilty if you closed it without a mark to keep the place.

AT THE MELLERN concentration camp Remarque places a group of "veterans" in the so-called "Small Camp." No one in this Small Camp works, for its inhabitants have long since lost all physical strength. They are all incurably sick and have been put here to die. Catholics and Jews, Mussulmen and Protestants, political prisoners and common criminals — all are mixed together. None of them is accepted at the camp hospital any longer; three or four share a single narrow bunk; at times they are so overcrowded that some must sleep outside the barracks on the grounds. Each morning a truck stops by to pick up the corpses of those who have died in the night.

The "veterans" are so called because they have been able to survive in the Small Camp for more than a few months. Some have been in prison since the Nazis came to power in 1933. One of them, No. 509, is the former editor of a democratic newspaper, who fought in his time both the Nazis and Communists, and who, though after ten years in prison he has become a weakened skeleton, still clings to a belief in the potential best values of human society. Berger, a former surgeon, is the only one who has a job in the camp. It is his task to pull out the gold teeth and bridges of the corpses stacked up for delivery to the camp's crematorium. Then there is an eleven-year-old boy from Czechoslovakia, a political prisoner, who knows nothing of life but what exists in concentration camps. And there is Lebenthal, a Jew, who makes extreme efforts to continue some sort of trade within the camp — trade being the sole thing that keeps him interested in life. He cares nothing for profits, sharing with the others the small bits of bread, carrots, and potatoes he manages to "buy." It is simply trade for trade's sake that has become the last thread binding him to life.

Not one of these abandoned prisoners has even the slightest hope of survival. They were all resigned to the prospect of death in the camp long ago, and they know that if they dared to hope, they would be unable

to endure the strain. It is only by forgetting that they are human, only by losing all sense of pity or self-pity, that they are able to exist. They are glad when an unfortunate neighbor, who must die anyway, dies early in the evening so that the bunk that night will be less crowded and the dead man's meager, wretched belongings can be removed before the guards come to claim the body. It is not the Law of the Jungle — it is worse.

They are all pulled out of their lethargy of resignation by an unpredictable incident. The camp's chief, Obersturmführer Neubauer, a mediocre man who rose to power in the Nazi Party by persecuting Jews and denouncing his fellow party members, was in an off-mood one day. He took it into his head to be "humane," and so denied to a sadistic non-camp scientist six prisoners to be used as guinea pigs. If they wished to "volunteer" — well, that was different. Six prisoners were rounded up, among them No. 509. But at the last minute, 509 made it clear he had not volunteered. In short, he bolted. He was punished, of course, by a term in the "bunkers" (the camp prison), which left him almost indistinguishable from a corpse.

His disobedience, however, fanned into being an underground resistance movement among the prisoners that gained momentum as the news crept through that the Americans were crossing the Rhine. But it had to

be a carefully conducted resistance, unseen on the surface. "Our little bit of resistance is the only thing still left to us," says 509 when he has recovered the strength to speak. "We've got to hide it so they can not find it, use it only in case of extreme necessity."

But in spite of his precautions, 509 was suspected by a top SS man, assistant to the camp chief, Weber, one of the most savage characters in the book. Weber ordered an aid to make a note of his number, but in the darkness the aide got the number wrong. A few days later, however, a merciless block leader, Handke, ran into 509, recognized him, and threatened to denounce him to Weber. No. 509 tried to bribe Handke into silence, promising him a non-existent 2500 francs supposedly on deposit in a Swiss bank. Handke replied by strutting off in anger. The following pages, describing 509's steadily rising fear of being exterminated, are perhaps the best account of the feelings of a man awaiting death ever written.

AS TIME PASSES and the Americans approach, arguments become frequent among the prisoners about the kind of regime that will replace the Nazis. Here Remarque is most penetrating. He is particularly skillful in portraying the SS officers of the camp as they gradually realize that their regime is doomed. Only a few turn opportunist and endeavor

to get in with the camp's resistance movement. The majority remain devoted, convinced Nazis, loyal followers of Hitler to the end. Neubauer, the camp chief, sticks to his post, starts to collect records proving that he was always humane to the prisoners—a fact he sincerely believes. His assistant, Weber, sadistic to the end, gathers together the most hardened of his SS men and orders them to set fire to the prisoners' barracks. On the debris of that inhuman conflagration the liberating forces of the Americans take over the command of the camp.

ALL THIS SAD AND BRUTAL TRUTH Remarque presents in a simple reportorial style. I am not in a position to judge its literary merits, since for me as for Remarque English is an adopted language. The book will, I imagine, seem to some less brilliantly written than *All Quiet On the Western Front*. In making such a comparison, however, I think two points should be kept in mind. First, the reportorial style in writing fiction has been developed to near-perfection since Remarque found his place among its pioneers. And second, the particular horror Remarque is describing in *Spark of Life* is unmatched in the history of man, and probably exceeds the communicative power of words in any language.

At any rate, in asking me to review this book, I understood that

THE MERCURY editors intended to be indulgent of my limitations as a critic of English literature. It was my unfortunately-acquired ability to judge the psychological penetration of a novel portraying life in a totalitarian concentration camp that prompted them to turn to me. In that respect Remarque's book is, to my mind, a prodigious achievement. The psychology of prisoners in a death camp, whether in Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia, is very much the same. As a prisoner for six years in Kolyma in the northeast corner of Siberia, I am well acquainted with the worst that Soviet Russia can produce. I know how a man feels when he is enclosed by barbed wire within an area given over to pain, hunger, torture, and mass destruction. I know the mind of the prisoner who has been condemned to slow death not because of any crime against society, but because he held political opinions not in accord with those of the tyrant. I can testify that Remarque, in his presentation of No. 509 and his colleagues in the Mellern concentration camp, has lived his way into the mind and heart of the totalitarian political prisoner with exactitude and great power of imagination. I should have thought this impossible for a man who was never a prisoner.

Because of the excellence of his presentation I find it difficult to appraise this novel. For to me it is not a novel. It is the truth at its

worst, narrated with phenomenal imagination of detail. It is a warning, also, that we who are free must do something better than seek revenge. As Remarque quotes the wise

old Jew, Ahasver: "There would have to be a great deal of revenge. And revenge would bring revenge again. Better to see that things like this can never happen again."

Focus on Stalin

Since Stalin. A Photo History of Our Time. By Boris Shub and Bernard Quint. SWEN Publications Co., Inc., New York, Manila. \$3.50. 175 pages.

Picture books used to be for children, but they are getting to be the principal reading matter of the adult intellectual. A History of the Theater, a History of New York, a History of the United States, a History of the Second World War, a History of Rocks, a History of Dinosaurs — there is hardly anything a man can not learn these days just by using his eyes. And most people's eyes are so much more open than their minds that it saves more than time — it saves a lot of argument.

Since Stalin is the most adroit and astonishing of these picture books for adult infants. It is hard to imagine how even a perfectly educated American liberal, a man with his brain filled, sealed and plugged tight by a weekly reading of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, could fail to get some glimmer of the facts of life by glancing through this book. Where and how the editors man-

aged to dig up some of these melodramatic and recondite photographs is a mystery. The whole dreadful outline of public events since Stalin began his career as a captain of bank robbers in Tiflis fifty years ago, is made visible here. Nothing so excitingly instructive to look at has appeared for a long time. And for those who keep a little avenue open into their brains, a brief but highly intelligent text is provided which puts each picture in its setting, and mounts up in sum almost to a college course in history. A bit of that text which comes to mind vividly as we write is this from Churchill when Neville Chamberlain came back after selling out Czechoslovakia to Hitler:

"This is only the first sip, the first foretaste of a bitter cup which will be offered to us year by year unless by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigor, we arise again and take our stand for freedom as in the olden time."

How sadly the world needed a leader to say that when the sell-outs to Stalin began at Moscow, at Teheran!

MAX EASTMAN

IN SHORT

The Catherine Wheel. By Jean Stafford. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 281 pages. \$3.00. Unlike most fiction writers who have achieved first-novel success, Miss Stafford has shown steady and surprising progress since *Boston Adventure*. Her latest work is remarkable among the current crop of novels if only for its painstaking dedication, sincerity, and intensity. Her former literary affectations, Proustian and Jamesian gleanings, have been stripped away, leaving a style, which, though still somewhat involuted and a trifle remote from present-day American language, is a powerful and suitable instrument for this morbidly atmospheric study of disintegration and tragedy among the remnants of our New England aristocracy.

The story of Katharine Congreve, a much-courted but unmarried lady of thirty-eight, who lives in a manorial style of somewhat dubious realism, is intertwined with that of her twelve-year-old cousin in a manner that releases impassioned and troubling insights into obscure areas of feeling. Both are lonely, frustrated, and frightened of each other. Katharine feels sure the boy is aware that a kind of love affair is going on between her and his father; the boy thinks Katharine knows of his murderous feelings toward the brother of his best friend. Misunderstanding each other to the end, they are

brought into a sympathetic communion through an awesome, frightening and mystic catastrophe, the symbolism of which, though somewhat overprepared, has genuine force and compels belief. Long on psychology and the penetration of the interior recesses of character, somewhat short on standard fictional attributes (extended dramatic scenes, dialogue, social observation) *The Catherine Wheel* is written with such skilled seriousness and charged with such quivering emotion as to make it rank easily among the best novels of the last five years. *New Directions 13.* *New Directions Press.* 542 pages. \$5.00. The current New Directions annual carries on its custom, presenting a none too tasteful but nevertheless rich compilation of "experimental" writing, which means by now some watered-down specimens of what was once called "modernist" literature, some meritorious adventures in unusual genres and some splatterings in verbal mud. In between childish efforts to be clever and maundering stories about maundering writers are to be found some notable works. Niccola Tucci is represented by a characteristic, wittily sombre story of a death in Tuscany; Chandler Brossard by a sharply written study in New York paranoia. Paul Goodman works a uniquely psychoanalytic perspective into narrative and poetic sketches. There are

elusive, tantalizing essays on the mysteries of language and life by Jean Paulhan, some delicate lyrics by Nicholas Moore and an intelligent, skillful verse-narrative of mental and geographic travels by Kenneth Rexroth. The snarling, lively and misanthropic "Homage to Zola" by Celine is worth nearly all the rest. New Directions writing is scarcely news any more, but it is still a refreshing and commendable if erratic enterprise. *A Treasury of Western Folklore. Edited by B. A. Botkin. Crown Publishers. 806 pages. \$4.00.* An anthology that anybody with a somewhat romantic view of the West, who can take a few grains of realism with his fantasies, will

be able to nibble at with delight for years. The short pieces of every variety, written by all sorts from our best literary men to the plain-spoken wife of a Texas sheriff, deal with every aspect of the most legendary and colorful region of America. Read as a whole, it amplifies, corrects and enriches one's perspective on the most tumultuous chapter in our history. Taken piecemeal, it is as good, odd-moment reading as you can find. It is compiled with scholarship and flair. The preface, by Bernard de Voto, is a sour, baffling attempt to straighten out mistaken attitudes, which you are advised to by-pass if you don't want the trip spoiled.

An Advance in Aim ?

"Then," said Werner . . . "there must be a party to take over. An organized party; not a bunch of people thrown together at random."

"Your Party, you mean. The Communists." — "What other?"

"Any other," said 509. "So long as it's not another totalitarian. But do tell me, supposing you won and had the power, what would happen to those who are against you? Or those who are not for you?"

Werner was silent for a moment. "There are many different ways," he said then.

"I know some. Killing, torturing, concentration camps."

"Among others. Depending on what's necessary."

"What an advance over the Nazis! Worth while living for!"

"It is an advance," declared Werner, unperturbed. "It's an advance in aim. And also in method. We don't do anything for the sake of cruelty. Only out of necessity."

"I've heard that often enough. That's what Weber explained to me when he stuck lighted matches under my fingernails. It was necessary in order to extract information."

Spark of Life by ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Calder Willingham

TELEVISION Giant

in the living room

SINCE THE APPEARANCE of television a short time ago, many of the most dire predictions about the new medium have come true. Still others, apparently, will be realized in the near future. On the basis of the values of radio, Broadway and Hollywood, TV has already scored a success unequalled in human affairs, except possibly by the discovery of America or the invention of gunpowder. Of TV's dazzling triumph there is no doubt, but the medium is still generally thought of as something that is on its way. The

Calder Willingham is a frequent contributor to the MERCURY. His fourth book, Reach to the Stars, was published in November, 1951, by the Vanguard Press, and he has just completed another novel.

fact is that it's here. Consider the following statistics:

(1) The advertising revenue for radio during the month of September, 1951, was \$11,861,000, and for television, \$11,920,000, as reported in *Variety*.

(2) Television in 1951 put on more plays, hired more actors, and spent more money on drama than all the producers and backers of Broadway, according to a report in *Time*.

(3) Despite the current boom at the motion picture box office, two more independent Hollywood studios (Monogram Pictures and Republic Pictures) announced in November they would make movies for TV.

The obvious conclusion to be

drawn from these facts and figures is that the giant is not on the way, he has arrived. He was a mere pip-squeak yesterday, and didn't even exist the day before, but like a genie released from a magic bottle in *The Arabian Nights*, he now looms big as life over our heads. Let us therefore try and circle round him and see if he will step on us, or make us all rich and happy, or just what.

A friend said to me the other day that no matter how good any given television show is, to look at that tube of lights and shadows almost invariably brings to mind such things as death, tuberculosis, cats howling on the back fence, incest, dishes in the sink, etc. Such a reaction, he says, with a bitterness that can only come from guilt, applies particularly to looking at television alone. A hair-in-the-mouth, screaming-nerves sensation comes from viewing television in solitude, an act of the same category as drinking in solitude or taking morphine while shut up in a closet, but much worse. Furthermore, he declares, to look at it for any length of time, even in the company of others, causes sexual impotence, shortens the life span, makes the hair and teeth fall out, and encourages early psychosis in otherwise normal people.

Perhaps such complaints are on the order of the arguments that went up against the steamboat and the horseless carriage. But perhaps not entirely. Fear of the new

medium has been an almost universal reaction among thoughtful people. However extreme some of the reactions may be, they indicate a very common anxiety which is not altogether unwarranted even if based only on a fear of change. Almost everyone must ask himself: what is this thing? And the question is asked with a certain trepidation, derived not so much from what TV is now, but a genuine apprehension as to what it might become.

THERE SEEM TO BE TWO main aspects to this fear of the new medium. There is a general widespread concern over what television might do to culture as a whole, and a specific foreboding of what it might do to the way people interact with each other. The last is usually expressed in terms of how TV will affect conversation, and the former in terms of a ravenous and more vulgar Hollywood that will devour whatever civilization we have.

Contained in this viewpoint is the feeling that Hollywood, Radio, and Broadway have dipped heavily into our cultural capital, and put very little back again. A kind of corollary to that belief is the fear that television could exhaust *all* cultural capital, like a great suction pump or vacuum cleaner, and never put anything whatever back again. The very possibility that this might happen is horrifying, to be sure. Equally

horrifying is the prospect of a population deprived of the ability of speech, with the art of conversation gone forever through lack of use.

Almost from the very beginning, the fear has been expressed that television might become a new and more ravenous Hollywood, devouring legitimate plays, short stories, novels, "ideas," writers, actors, directors, talent of all kinds. While the effects of such a high-velocity cultural skyway are debatable, there is no doubt that the process would be ruinous if it were all one-way traffic. However, Hollywood, the only historic precedent, has been somewhat redeemed by the fact that its relation to culture has not been altogether one-sided. Almost, but not quite. For example, American literary techniques have been drastically and in some ways favorably affected by Hollywood. Short, sharply focused, scene-like episodes, flashbacks, cinematic vigor and realism have given energy and drive to much American fiction. Many advances in the American novel can be related directly to Hollywood, though the novelists themselves might turn blue and tremble like condemned men at the idea. There is no space to go into the point, but it should be clear from citing this example alone that the voracious appetite of television is not per se a danger. The real question is whether or not television gives as much as it gets. The same applies to

the question of conversation versus TV.

THE SECOND FEAR of TV is even more common. It has been said that conversation will be utterly wiped out by TV. Aside from whether or not that is true, or whether or not it might conceivably be true in the future, what is conversation, after all? What is it that would be destroyed?

Conversation is often thought of as a pleasant luxury, as an "art," as an attribute of the civilized person, like knowing which fork to use and when, or what to wear. However, it is more basic. The ability to talk is really the fundamental distinction between man and the lower animals. Cooperation, science, civilization — all progress is obviously based on it. The great development of the so-called speech centers of the human brain make man what he is, and complicated interaction between people is inconceivable without it. From this one can readily go on to see the great link that exists between all culture, and the way people talk to each other. The direct connection between human speech and music could be considered in a concrete manner, through a study, for example, of Southern Negro dialect and jazz music. The same can be done in regard to the connection between talk and literature, as the example of Southern loquaciousness, and the mammoth

output of Southern story-tellers may, demonstrate. Conversation is the basis of the literary art. The same dynamic applies to all culture, and to television in particular. If television would smother conversation, then it would eventually smother itself.

However, the idea of TV versus conversation is usually framed in misleading terms. As a rule, the idea is stated as follows: people look at TV instead of talking to each other; they look at TV, but do not interact with it in any way, that is, the interaction is completely one-sided. Neither of these is really the point. People do not interact with a book, either. The book lies immobile, and passively allows its pages to be turned. Nor do people talk to each other while reading a book. They skulk-off and read the book in solitude, to the exclusion of conversation, and if the book is interesting, they get just as engrossed in it as the televiewer gets engrossed in Milton Berle.

Logically, then, it should follow that books must have a bad effect on conversation. But books are commonly held to enrich conversation more than they deplete it. As for the idea that people might "look at TV all the time," that is impossible; only an idiot could look at TV all the time, just as only an idiot could read all the time, and if a man is an idiot, it doesn't matter, he might as well look at TV all the time,

otherwise nobody knows what he might do with himself or others.

O BVIOUSLY the danger of television does not lie either in the nature of the medium per se or in its much-discussed appetite for talent. Thus, the fear generated by these aspects of TV, important though they are in what they entail, have no basis in themselves. However, there is a danger that is real, and it derives simply from the fantastic *power* of the medium, a power of which there can be no question. Television has everything motion pictures have, and it is in the living room. It even has dimensions that motion pictures do not possess, attributes of the theatre — the live performance, and range in time and form greater than that of any previous medium. It is almost like a giant eye on life itself and can easily become the vehicle for masterpieces of a magnitude and power never achieved before in the arts, given the artists to create them and the audience to support them. For this very reason, it could also become the worst cultural opiate in history, buy and corrupt all talent, and completely degrade the sensibility of the country. Everything depends on the use to which television is put, rather than on television itself.

Perhaps optimism is unwarranted, but personally, I do not think television can be controlled, at least not

in the way Hollywood and radio have been. It will be too big and sprawling, too enormous and many-sided. Besides, the deadening influence of "no risk" big money is not the whole trouble. Worse is the typical radio-Hollywood-Broadway spirit toward art, in which art is considered something either "pretty" or trivial, or ultra-solemn and highfalutin, but in no case ever disturbing or unpleasant. Such a spirit reveals a timid shrinking from life that has no logic in these times, which demand and even compel adult responsibility. Spoiled children deny there are problems in life, except more candy. They yammer for candy, even when it makes their teeth fall out, gives them a chronic bellyache and covers their faces with pimples. In this sense, the boring or pretentious trash that has flowed in such volume from Radio, Hollywood, and Broadway is indigestible. Television should find a similar output harder to get away with, unless the audience it reaches is made up of spoiled children, which I do not believe.

IN ANY EVENT, it is clear the future development of television will offer a first-class barometer of everything. If it follows the path of least resistance and becomes a worse Hollywood, national collapse would appear not only imminent, but probably a good idea. However, a watered-down Hollywood in every

parlor does seem to this writer to be most unlikely indeed. The very nature of television has already forced it into new paths, out of necessity.

In the foregoing, television has been considered, by implication if not directly, in a narrow cultural sense, with direct comparison to the theatre, motion pictures, and books. This is valid enough, but the medium is much broader. For example, the "information" shows of television, which at their best present a kind of reality comparable only to radio shows, and go even farther. In this would be included the celebrated Kefauver investigations, as well as numerous special shows, such as the recent Sunday-night televising of the Vogeler story. Then there are the round tables, discussion panels, and even quiz games—offering something close to the spontaneity of life itself.

Furthermore, another entire piece could be devoted to the impact of television on politics and politicians. There is no doubt that in the future candidates for public office will be scrutinized by the voter, and the dull, stupid clod, with the personality of a wet fish and the magnetism of a zombie, will have about as much chance as a salesman peddling sun-lamps in the Sahara. It would be no worse, it seems to me, for the electorate to vote on personality as well as ability than it was in the city-states of ancient Greece when voting was an affair of a

show of hands in the marketplace. It might be argued that with the help of TV charmers and demagogues of the Huey Long type will come into their own. But only those with no faith in the democratic process would fear the political role of TV. In any case, the function of TV as a "live newsreel" is bound to introduce an element of power and realism into future election campaigns that must be met by every candidate for office.

FINALLY, the enormity of TV can be a tremendous advantage, in the same sense that *Drosophila* is an advantage to the geneticist in the study of heredity. Television shows

are conceived, born and die with lightning rapidity. New forms or "mutations" are bound to be produced, as can be seen even now in such shows as *Kukla, Fran and Ollie*, or the comedy of Sid Caesar. These have become phenomena of television, peculiar to the medium itself, functioning wholly within it.

Sports, straight news events, music, opera, domestic instructions, hobby hour, lectures, debates, the scenes and sights of the entire world — the new medium, with all the perils and trepidations caused by any drastic innovation, has already rooted itself firmly in contemporary American life. Like air travel, it is here to stay.

The instruments of culture

In reality, society and the individual are not antagonists. His culture provides the raw material of which the individual makes his life. If it is meagre, the individual suffers; if it is rich, the individual has the chance to rise to his opportunity. Every private interest of every man and woman is served by the enrichment of the traditional stores of his civilization. The richest musical sensitivity can operate only within the equipment and standards of its tradition. It will add, perhaps importantly, to that tradition, but its achievement remains in proportion to the instruments and musical theory which the culture has provided. In the same fashion a talent for observation expends itself in some Melanesian tribe upon the negligible borders of the magico-religious field. For a realization of its potentialities it is dependent upon the development of scientific methodology, and it has no fruition unless the culture has elaborated the necessary concepts and tools.

RUTH BENEDICT, in *Patterns of Culture*, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1934

DOWN TO EARTH

The Great



White Owl

ALAN DEVOE

THE MIDWINTER of the year, for a countryman in New York State or New England, or for that matter in nearly any part of the country but the southernmost, is a bleak season.

The hundreds of species of bright birds that make the green summertime lively and musical have long ago disappeared in autumn migration. We are left with only a handful of hardy ones . . . downy woodpeckers hammering away at the frozen bark, chickadees with rumpled feathers being whipped and blown around like withered leaves in the cutting wind, drab tree sparrows huddling on ice-sheathed twigs as the temperature drops and drops. There are no moths and butterflies now, no hum of insect-wings, no woodchucks and chipmunks to animate the familiar pasture. There is

small stir of life in this leaden-skyed bitter landscape. A countryman looks out through the peephole he has rubbed in his frosty windowpane upon stretching fields of frozen whiteness in which he may see no creature moving.

Because of the snow, of course, we know that we are still companioned by living things around us, for the record of their tracks is there. We can go out on one of these sub-zero mornings, when the snow squeaks under our boots and our breath hangs in a cloud around us in the still air of sunrise, and can make sure that actually, however it may seem, the planet has not died during the night. Here, across this white expanse of pasture, runs a trail of Y-shaped patterns that inform us, however winter-killed the world

may look, that in fact a rabbit was prancing this way during the dark hours. Here, from the trunk of this old shagbark hickory to that snow-mounded old stone fence over there, we can discern a tiny filigree. We are advised that the white-footed mice are still astir in the nights, under the star-twinkle. What's this little hum-mocking and ridging in the snow-crust, among the twisted apple trees in our old orchard? Dig down a little and we find a tunnel, under the snow. It's the pathway of meadow-mice, moving from tree trunk to tree trunk, to nibble away, invisible, at the bark below the snow-line. No, we are not alone. But the evidences are largely pretty indirect ones, like these. Animaldom, what remains of it — what has not gone away on migration, or sunk into the stuporous sleep of hibernation in deep burrow and rock-cranny — mostly makes itself known to us only by hint and suggestion. What we *see* of it, in the warm flesh, may be only those half-dozen lean black crows, sailing without a sound down the bitter wind over the snow-bowed hemlock tops.

WHEN THE WORLD is like this, bone-white, icy, silent — when it takes no very fanciful man to think his world of woods and fields has turned to a tomb — there is an extraordinary and special excitement attaching to the moments when some creature does suddenly

present itself for our inspection with a burst of aliveness, bigness, color, or hot animality. Even a bluejay, appearing abruptly in this world of shrouded cold, shocks us with a blazing blueness we could never have seen in summertime; and when the jay cries its ringing, rasping cry, it can be as exciting a sound as if suddenly there had been heard the blare of life in a boneyard. We stand in the white dead world and suddenly — pouf! — there is a flying of snow under that hemlock over there, and a rabbit is off and away in a burst of livingness. In this season, so small an event can shake a man to his marrow. Occasionally, there may be a much larger event; and we are nearly undone. We are making our way along a snowy trail amid the cedars in the dusk, and all at once there is a great creature over yonder, just slipping away among the shadows. We can see the tawny flanks, the tufted ears, the great cat-prints in the snow. There is a mist of cat-breath in the icy air, and rank cat-smell hovering. We have surprised a lynx. Or sometimes, very rarely in most places, there may be a more tremendous encounter still. There can be no country naturalist, however seasoned a veteran, who is not excited by it. We may meet the Great White Owl.

This is the snowy owl, the Arctic owl. The place where it customarily lives is in the very far north. Snowy owls occur right up to the edge of

the northernmost polar seas. Their home is the endless Arctic barrens and tundras. Labrador, Ungava, Mackenzie . . . it is in such lands of the world's winter that the snowy owl lives. Gigantic, spreading sometimes five and a half feet from wing-tip to wing-tip, this monstrous bird of the north is as white as the everlasting snows to which it is accustomed. Only some gray-brown barring, like so many ripples in the surface of a wind-blown snowfield, break its whiteness. The fierce, hooked owl-beak and the powerful talons are dark, nearly black; the great owl-eyes gleam piercing yellow. An Arctic owl is such a creature as a fanciful god, having in mind to create a bird which should be the very spirit of wild winter loneliness, the very symbol of icy power and arctic immensity, might have summoned into being out of the boreal depths of creative fantasy.

Many snowy owls live all year 'round in the far north, wintering even in the northern extremity of Greenland. Fitted, if not by the Eskimos' dark creative gods of the cold, at any rate by evolution, to survival in the treeless open sweeps, they make their "nests" (merely a scraped place in the hillocky tundra) on Arctic islands in the May or June of the year; and for the rest of the seasons — for they raise only one brood of owlets annually — devote themselves to an endless hunting for lemmings, arctic mice and hares, and

sometimes the far-northern ptarmigans and the sea-ducks that frequent patches of open water amid the sheet-ice.

AN ARCTIC OWL, necessarily, has a keen day-vision, for the northern "day" can be a very long one; and it goes beating across the barrens, peering for a stir or a scurry, as readily in light as in darkness. Its huge-winged body is feathered against the most intense cold, feathering extending down even to protect its talons. As long as there is a minimum supply of the small northern animals on which it depends for subsistence, the white giant of the north is fitted to thrive in its lonely world of white, far-stretching desert.

In the fiercest time of midwinter, however, many snowy owls straggle southward. When there are long periods of raging bad weather in the northland, or when small creatures there are decimated by epidemic disease or other factors, the giant white owls may come south in far more than their usual numbers; and they may travel so far south as suddenly to startle an outdoorsman in South Carolina, Georgia, or a Gulf Coast marsh in Texas. (Snowy owls have sometimes turned up in Bermuda, looming impossible in their gigantesque white wintriness amid the blazing lilies and bougainvillea). It remains a rare thing, except in those years of such a mass southward owl-movement as ornithologists call

an "invasion," for the great white owls to present themselves in the winter landscape even of New York State or New England; but still, a certain number of times each winter, it does happen; and when it does . . . it is worth a countryman's while to have endured the whole bleak, blizzardy deadness of the season for the excitement to be derived from the encounter.

WE'RE TRAMPING ON SNOWSHOES, perhaps, across the white lifeless world of our Forty-Acre on a February morning; and we have given up all expectation of seeing any stir of life in this frozen waste. Then suddenly, way over there by the edge of the birch-copse . . . what's that? Is it just a snow-hummock, perhaps the whitened mound where last summer the fat woodchuck had his den? We squint across the glare and stand motionless and watch. Abruptly, the hummock moves a little. A second later, and we have been observed. There lifts from the snowfield a gigantic bird, white as the snow, fabulous, not to be believed. It rises on heavily beating owl-wings, tilts against the sky, flaps circling over and around us to have a look at us with its gleaming yellow eyes. We are motionless; which is to say, in the understanding of any wild thing, harmless. The great white owl beats across the pasture, veers, hesitates in air, and plumps to earth again. If we

have our field-glasses, we can see the curious and characteristic stance of the bird as it rests on the crusted snow. An arctic owl isn't without the ability to perch, as for instance a chimney swift is, but its homeland is a treeless place and so it is by nature a bird of the open stretches and likes to rest directly on the earth. Its stance is curiously tilted forward, so that it seems as though leaning on its white breast for support.

With luck, if our great owl does not too much suspect us, we may see it make a catch; for its yellow eyes readily see meadow-mice or deer-mice that elude our notice. It pins a mouse against the snow-crust with its dark talons, plucks and frets at it briefly, and then usually bolts it. It isn't common that one of the great owls pounces on a bird; but, if it does, it deals with that prey differently. It worries and rips at the caught bird persistently, stripping away feathers, tearing meat from bone, and then it eats only the flesh, leaving the rest. A moment later, and giant white wings have mounted into the winter sky again, and then a great shape has dwindled away over the tree-tops, and we are left standing in the dead desert-world of winter once more, nearly incredulous.

In the midwinter, a lonely time, all animal adventures take on a special sharpness and eventfulness. If we have the adventure of an encounter with a snowy owl, we are not likely to forget it too soon.

Draughts of Old Bourbon

FOR
A SECOND

WHISKY REBELLION



James Monroe Madison

FOR the sake of both its present and its future, what this country needs is a rebellion. A real knock-down, drag-out, oath-hurling, skull-cracking rebellion. I'm not advocating such a rebellion, you understand: a man can get thrown into the oubliette now for suggesting violence toward the government of the United States. On advice of counsel I'm only *stating the need* for rebellion, not actually advocating it. But Americans are getting too tired, too old, too complacent; we need to revive our tradition of violence; we ought to demonstrate that we still can get mad.

The healthiest sort of rebellion always is one against taxes. Producers against the blood suckers. Free men against the dad-burned bureaucrats. Patriots against the revenuers. The Boston Tea Party. The Virginia revolt against the Stamp Act. There is something fine and inspiring about a man grabbing his shillelagh and rushing out and beating hell out of a tax collector. This nation was born of such spirit.

And the best tax rebellions are those against whisky taxes. Whenever a free man no longer gets mad over a new whisky tax, he's losing his spirit; and whenever a free peo-

ple no longer rebel against a new whisky tax, they are about ready for the Doo-chay and history's dust heap.

Scotland was important as long as Scotchmen were belligerent and made and drank Scotch whisky. Men won't suffer slavery — when they can sniff smoke from hickory logs burning under a pot-still on a Spring morning. But Scotchmen lost their souls whenever they let Englishmen tax their whisky to the point where Scotchmen had to begin drinking beer.

The best American soldiers in both the First and Second Wars were those from the moonshine areas. Before Sergeant York was twelve years old he could knock the buttons off a revenue agent with a squirrel gun at three hundred yards. Men who make and drink their own whisky just naturally hate taxes and tyrants and love liberty.

There is something healthy, too, in men drinking whisky they make themselves. I attribute my own love of liberty and contempt for bureaucrats to the fact that I was twenty-one before I ever drank a drop of whisky that wasn't made by a member of my own family. Down in my home county in Alabama fifty-three stills were captured during 1951, and it's reassuring to know that for every one that was captured at least ten are in full production. My folks are keeping the home fires burning,

beating off the competition of Kentucky whisky, and starting out every morning by looking straight into the rising sun and yelling: "Goddam the Yankees and Harry Truman!"

A STORY WHICH every American patriot should read every ten years is the story of the first whisky rebellion. It was 1794, and the East Coast was getting civilized. The Federal government had been carefully brought into being by free men who were suspicious of it, and the first bureaucrats were flexing their muscles. But out in Western Pennsylvania life was still grim for the frontiersmen. Rye delivered to Philadelphia brought forty cents a bushel, and a horse could carry only four bushels. The army at Fort Pitt paid forty cents a gallon for rye whisky which required a bushel and a half of rye to make. But a horse could carry twenty-four gallons of rye whisky to Philadelphia where whisky brought ninety cents a gallon. So the smart farmer made Monongahela Rye and hauled it East, risking Indian raids along the trails. Whisky was drunk by most everybody; and it was the principal unit of barter.

In 1791 Alexander Hamilton, the strong central government man who probably would have loved the New Deal, introduced a bill for the first federal tax on whisky — a tax of nine cents a gallon. Madison and

Jefferson went along with Hamilton reluctantly, and the bill was passed.

The tax hit the frontiersmen hard, in three ways. First, it allowed revenue collectors to search a man's house for whisky: and this is galling to free men. If whisky was found, the farmer had to travel three hundred miles to Philadelphia to stand trial; and then, too, the government wanted the tax paid in cash, and farmers had little cash.

The farmers reacted as free men should react. They held angry protest meetings and decreed that any man who accepted a position as tax collector would be ostracized. Then they proceeded to tar and feather all the collectors they could find.

By 1793 practically no tax had been collected, and that year the farmers became even more belligerent against the government out of sympathy for the French Revolution. As feeling ran high over the Citizen Genet incident, the farmers burned the barns of all sympathizers with the Federal government, raised "Liberty Poles" in front of their homes, and beat up any tax collector they could find.

On July 15, 1794, the first federal soldiers arrived in Western Pennsylvania specifically charged with enforcing the tax collections. A force of five hundred armed farmers met the soldiers, surrounded them, disarmed them, gave them all the whisky they could drink, and dispersed them. On July 26 the

farmers robbed the federal mail to make certain that no names were being sent back to Philadelphia.

The rebellion failed later that year, however, when more federal troops were sent, and when the state took stern measures to support the federal government. Thereafter, the farmers had to pay the tax on all commercial quantities of whisky, and they could avoid it only on quantities for family or small community consumption.

IN THE 157 YEARS since then, the federal tax on whisky has increased from nine cents to \$10.50 a gallon. The cost of manufacturing a gallon of whisky has increased very little: a gallon of good bourbon now costs between .65 and \$1.25 to make, depending on whether it is aged in a charred barrel. But a drinking gallon of I. W. Harper for Christmas, 1951, cost \$34.50 in New York.

The modern liquor store is, first of all, an institution for collecting taxes, and only secondarily does it provide service for its customers. More than half of its receipts goes to pay local, state, and federal levies; and less than half goes to pay rent, salaries, transportation, and manufacturing costs. Each year since the repeal of Prohibition, there has been an increase in at least one of the different levies.

Where will it stop? The increase in taxation will never stop until there is a rebellion by the taxpayers;

and today Americans have become so docile under taxation that the bureaucrats hold the taxpayers in contempt. Some future Gibbon may conclude that the failure of the first whisky rebellion marked the beginning of the end of liberty in America.

THIS DOCILITY with which Americans, sons of pioneers, now accept the most outrageous taxes in all history is a curious phenomenon. I remember listening to Huey Long laugh derisively at taxpayers.

"Hell, man," he said, "the smart politician is always for more taxes. It don't make a damn what kind of taxes — just more taxes, and then more taxes. Sales taxes, income taxes, use 'em all, and then double 'em. Putting a new tax on the people never beat any smart politician. And here's why. For every vote you'll lose by levying the new tax, you can buy ten more with the proceeds of the new tax. A few folks in a community will object to a new tax. Then you build a new road or a new bridge — something you can point to and the people can see — and you get a thousand new votes.

"Every year that I'm in control of Louisiana you can be damn sure that the taxes will go up."

The Long theory of taxation was also the Franklin Roosevelt theory and the Harry Truman theory. Even in an election year Truman doesn't hesitate to demand higher

taxes, and only the naive political writer any longer imagines that this represents "courage." What it really represents is contempt for the taxpayer.

There was a time, of course, when tax collectors, not taxpayers, were on the defensive in America. A tax was laid by politicians with some fear, and tax collectors proceeded at their own risk. No citizen stooped to bribe a tax collector: he treated him with contempt.

This attitude is a sign of health in free nations. Free men should pay taxes grudgingly; they know that the power to tax is the power to destroy; and no free citizen should ever allow a bureaucrat to raise his taxes without a battle. There should be a constitutional limitation to every form of tax, and the burden of proof for a raise should always be on the government.

Unless a constitutional limitation can be imposed on the income tax, for instance, the American free way of life will inevitably be destroyed. The basis of our free economy is private capital; we can remain free only so long as an able and ambitious young American can obtain capital to found a business. But the unrestricted income tax is now drying up all private capital, and the only source of capital will soon be the federal government. When that day comes, the bureaucrat will be in complete control, the American dream will have become a night-

mare, and the nation will have lost its reason for being.

During the past twenty years the government of the United States has succeeded in bluffing and cowing the American taxpayer. The average taxpayer now is afraid to challenge the government; he lives in fear of the government; and he quails at the telephone call of the tax collector. This is the stuff of slavery. Once we had belligerent taxpayers in this country and meek tax collectors; we had frequent taxpayer's suits against the government; and organizations of taxpayers sent representatives to pound desks in Washington.

But now there is surrender. The big taxpayers are afraid to attract attention to themselves; and the middle-sized taxpayers find it cheaper to bribe Truman's petty grafters than to fight them.

Even more disappointing, there now seems to be a tendency on the part of many taxpayers to accept government tax decrees *as proper!* A sort of government-knows-best attitude. The man who dares to challenge the government is branded as an enemy of the people. But once the man who challenged the gov-

ernment was the hero of the people!

What remains to be seen in America now is this: in all history government has always been the enemy of freedom and the enemy of the people. Free men have always known this; therefore, they have always been suspicious of government, and, so long as they possessed the will to freedom, they fought every surrender of power to their own government. But today in America we have a vast government lobby which works overtime trying to convince the people that government is their friend, not their enemy; that government is good, not bad; and that government should discourage the accumulation of private capital so that government may become the sole source and dispenser of capital. Government, according to the propaganda, can provide security if only the citizen will cease all belligerence toward taxation and allow government to handle most of the money.

If Americans continue to fall for this oldest of lies, then free men can abandon hope. The next generation of Americans will not even be able to define freedom. Hope lies only in rebellion.

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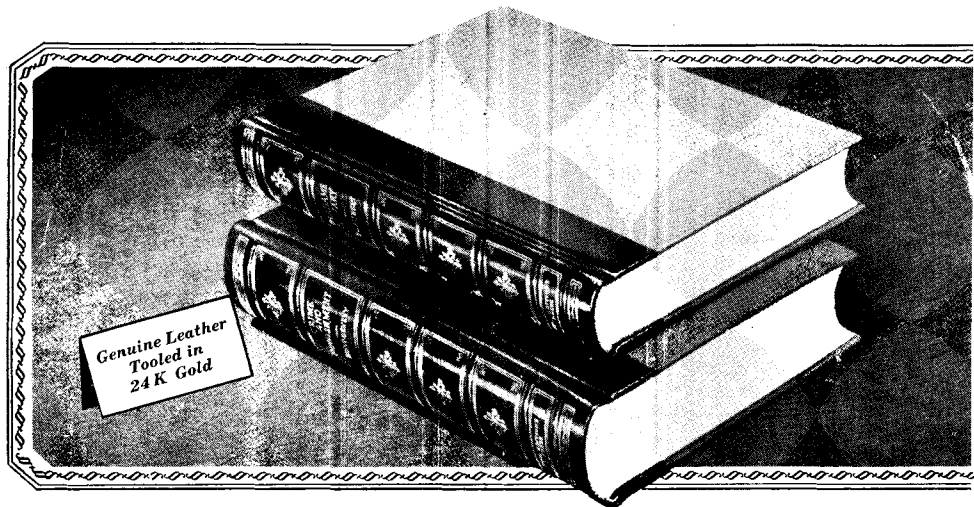
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